





JOHN FREEETH,

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POLITICAL SONGSTER

OR, A

TOUCH ON THE TIMES,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

AND ADAPTED TO COMMON TUNES,

THE SIXTH EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.

BY JOHN FREETH. *K*

BIRMINGHAM,
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MDCCXC.



~~IT is a very common, and not an un-~~
true saying, that every man has his hobby-horse. Sometimes indeed it is a profitable one; more frequently it is otherwise. My hobby-horse and practice for thirty years past have been, to write songs upon the occurrence of remarkable events, and nature having supplied me with a voice somewhat suitable to my stile of composition, to sing them also, while their subjects were fresh upon every man's mind; and being a Publican, this faculty, or rather *knack* of singing my own songs, has been profitable to me; it has in an evening crowded my house with customers, and led me to friendships which I might not otherwise have experienced. Success naturally encouraged me to pursue the trade of *ballad-making*, for without it, it is not probable I should have written a tenth part of what this Volume contains.

My songs are principally adapted to the particular times in which they were written. I now lament I did not go more upon general topics; but engaged in many contested

elections, I was obliged to turn them upon such temporary and local subjects, as might best serve the cause of the party I had espoused. During the American war, it will be perceived, I was no well-wisher to the Ministry that conducted it. When the *Coalition* took place, I went with the popular tide, and joined in sentiment with those who reprobated that extraordinary measure (for measures, not men, have always claimed my principal attention). Since that period I have viewed with a smile and indifference, political wranglings, being fully convinced that the contest of most politicians is only for power and for favours.

The present minister came idolized into office; and I have made songs in his praise, though I cannot but allow, that many of his taxes bear too hard upon the commercial interests of the kingdom, and that his extension of the Excise Laws has justly robbed him of much of his popularity.

If I had no other motives, the requests of travellers in the mercantile line from every county, who pay me such frequent and friendly visits, for copies of my songs, would be a sufficient reason for the publication of
this

this *three Shillings and Six-penny* Volume. I cannot expect it will please all parties; but I mean offence to none, and liberal minds will not be angry with me for freely expressing my sentiments.

Vanity may perhaps be said to dictate the assertion, that I have met with attention and respect from personages of the first rank in life; but gratitude will not suffer me to omit the only public occasion I have, to acknowledge the great satisfaction, I have so frequently experienced, in the flattering and encouraging receptions of his Grace the DUKE of NORFOLK, to whom my obligations are great indeed. It is but justice to say, his disinterested conduct as a Senator, and the true British spirit that he has shewn as a steady supporter of the RIGHTS OF MANKIND on many public occasions, must still render the antient and much recorded English name of HOWARD, truly respectable to every lover of his country. To one general expression of gratitude, I must therefore confine myself to him, as well as to the HOSPITABLE PEER of *Stapleford*, and to EARL STANHOPE, from both of whom I have received several marks of friendship.

My numerous friends in and near my native town, the respectable companies I have so often met at the annual festivals at *Droitwich*, *High-Wycomb*, *Coventry*, and *Stratford*, and my hearty and chearful companions at *Worcester*, *Alcester*, *Evesham*, *Waltham*, &c. are all intitled to my best thanks. I am sorry to tell them, the old and favourite trade of *ballad-making* is almost over with me. A complaint in my head, to which I am daily subject, prevents me pursuing that business in the manner I have hitherto done; and as my good customers, I should hope, will in future be satisfied with my best endeavours, in singing my old compositions; I shall resign the arduous task of invention to bards of younger years.

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THE
P R E F A C E.

BY diff'rent views are authors led,
Some write for fame, and some for bread;
Sure methods to make business flow,
With those in PATER-NOSTER ROW:
Where ev'ry day, on fancy's wing,
As Bards on various subjects sing,
New titles captivate the eye,—
For well 'tis known the world will buy.

In these gay masquerading days,
When taxes rise, and trade decays,

Within the rounds of dissipation,
Old English Songs are out of fashion.
In fifty-nine, that glorious year,
How diff'rent did the scene appear!—
The hardy veterans of the waves,
Sung—"Britons never will be slaves,"
And HEARTS of OAK, their souls' desire,
With joy did every breast inspire.

Strange are the deeds to sing upon,
No foe subdu'd, few battles won;
Unequal war does Britain make,
Not one ally her part to take;
Happy, if broils had once subsided,
For ne'er was country more divided;
At large the people boldly say,
The fault is all in ministry;
And ministry impute the blame,
To those they sent to quench the flame;
Burgoyne,

Burgoyne, the Howes, the great Sir Harry,
And brave Cornwallis, all miscarry:
And thus, in folly's mad career
The farce goes on from year to year;
And what's been fought for long in vain,
Is to be done the NEXT campaign.

But sure no power ever try'd,
Than Spain can be more mortify'd;
To check her insolence and rage,
ELLIOTT, the phoenix of the age,
Deservedly in Freedom's cause,
Has won the wond'ring world's applause;
Whose deeds of valour, all agree,
In Song immortaliz'd should be,
And sung in strains thro' Britain's isle,
Above the common ballad stile.

Endless disputes the war occasions,
For those of all denominations,

b

Have

Have since the contest first began,
Been politicians to a man;
Warm to a fault too apt to be,
And son and father disagree:

But think not, Politics alone,
Can in a large free trading town,
At this time fam'd for SPECULATION,
Engross the public conversation;
O'er cheering cups, as things fall out,
And false alarms are spread about,
Some grave appear, some gay, some sad,
And some are NAVIGATION mad.

Of this the author being known,
To do his best when call'd upon,
And having more than twice twelve years,
Been us'd to sing on State Affairs,
Wherein he's worn, beyond a doubt,
His constitution almost out,

Prefumes

Prefumes his worthy, numerous friends,
On whose support his sale depends,
For just One Shilling, paid at sight,
Will not his Publication slight:
Who, when good News is brought to town,
Immediately to work sits down,
And business fairly to go through,
Writes SONGS, finds TUNES, and SINGS them too.

A first-rate songster often gains
Both wealth and fame, with little pains;
Two annual songs, a century back,
Were rated at a butt of sack;
Which service now brings in a clear,
And neat Two Hundred Pounds a year:
Inferior Bards, for half the stake,
Ten times as much would undertake;
Rejoice to reap the glorious pay,
And live on roast meat every day.

Whatever

Whatever subject may arise,
Whatever fancy may devise,
No songster has a better plea
For printing, than—necessity.
In fact, each day, when Children Nine,
In perfect health sit down to dine—
Think not the whole can be maintain'd,
By what is from the ale-score gain'd:
Profits on BEER and BALLADS too,
In these hard times will barely do.

Birmingham, 1783.

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INLAND

INLAND NAVIGATION:

AN

O. D. E.

FOR ancient deeds let History unfold
The page where wonders are enroll'd, :
And tell how JASON, from the *Colchian* shore,
The golden fleece in triumph bore,
A nobler theme the Mind inspires,
And every skilful Artist fires
With heart-felt joy a work to see
Cut out for grand utility;
A project form'd, by which, 'tis plain,
That thousands must advantage gain:
And sure that plan must be of noble use,
Which tends in price provision to reduce.
Blest Navigation! source of golden days
Which Commerce finds, and brightens all its ways.

Sons of *Commerce* haste to pleasure,
For the joy belongs to you;
May you live to reap the treasure
That must happily ensue.
Treasure, from *Staffordian* plains,
Richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And by what the Artist gains
All his principal designs.

CHORUS.

Not a Son of limping VULCAN
But must truly joyous be;
ENVY from the banquet skulking,
'Tis the Artist's Jubilee*.

* The first Boat load of Coals was brought to Town November
the 6th, 1769, the Year of the Stratford Jubilee.

So quick in performing this weighty affair,
 So great was the industry, prudence, and care,
 Eighteen months have scarce run,
 Since the work was begun :
 How pleasing the sight !
 What a scene of delight !
As the barges come floating along :
 Then cease from your toil,
 Nor hammer nor file
 Be handled to-day,
 All care shall away,
 Whilst bonfires are blazing,
 (What can be more pleasing ?)
 All free-cost, to gladden the throng.

Could our Forefathers from the shades but trace
 The noble plan
 Their Sons began,
 To what amazement would the work appear !
A train of Vessels floating by the place,
 Where sprightly Sceds, at trumpet sound,
 In contest wing'd along the ground,
 And thousands to the pleasures would repair.

But, what were those days,
 Compared to these ?
 Each day at the *Heath* is a fair ;
 To see Bridges and Locks,
 And Boats on the Stocks,
Are numbers continually there.

Every breast, elate with joy,
 Gladly views the happy day ;
 Cease dissension,
Lamp contention,
 From these regions haste away,
 We alone on Trade depend ;
 Be in that our emulation,
 'Twill support our Navigation,
 And the liquid tract extend.

But for this good care and trouble,
Which has nobly been display'd,
For our Coals, this instant, double
What we give, we must have paid.

Gripping souls, that live by fleecing,
And upon their teams depend,
To all ranks of life how pleasing,
That their day is at an end.

Long their tricks were overbearing,
Now the vile oppressors may
Sell their nags and burn their geering,
For the roads 'twill better be.

C H O R U S.

Not a Son of limping VULCAN
But shall joyous be to-day;
ENVY from the banquet skulking,
'Tis the Artist's Jubilee.

Blest Genius of this fruitful Land,
Whose deep sagacious mind,
To benefit mankind,
'The glorious undertaking plann'd;
Whose living fame the wonders tell,
Of thy far more than common skill,
Whose matchless art all doubts dispel,
And kingdoms with amazement fill.
When that fam'd Peer*, to patronize his art,
Had set the laudable design on foot,
Which brought his measures into grand repute,
Astonish'd mortals, from each distant part,
The model view'd,
And wond'ring stood;
But how much more when brought to bear,
And Vessels under Vessels steer!

* The Duke of BRIDGWATER.

The neighbouring Counties saw the good effect,
 And now behold the vast increase
 Of Traffs, fair Commerce to protect,
 Which fills the bright Mechanic with delight;
 Nor will the undertakings cease,
 'Till *Trent* and *Sewern* with the *Thames* unite.

What mortals so happy as *Birmingham* Boys?
 What people so flush'd with the sweetest of joys?
 All hearts fraught with mirth at the Wharf shall appear,
 Their aspects proclaim it the Jubilee year,
 And be full as gay in their frolicksome pranks,
 As they who were dancing on *Avon's* green banks.

There never in war was for victory won,
 A cause that deserv'd such respect from the Town;
 Then revel in gladness, let harmony flow,
 From the district of *Bordley* to *Paradise-Row*;
 For true feeling joy on each breast must be wrought,
 When Coals under Five-pence per hundred are bought.

Rejoice then, ye Artists, drive sorrow away,
 And over your cups social gladness display;
 The Wealthy will chearfully cherish the cause,
 The Poor give their honest and hearty applause;
 Nor dread from the winter's approach any harm,
 When blest with good fires, their bodies to warm.

But let not the joys be confin'd to the Town,
 All over the Country shall gladness be shewn;
 The Tradesman, Mechanic, and Cottager too,
 Shall all share the bounty that soon must ensue,
 And when o'er the houses SOL scarcely can peep,
 Be better prepar'd a good Christmas to keep.

The Heavens are kind, and have plenty bestow'd,
 Rich crops have been gather'd, and trade has been good;
 And since food and fuel diminish in price,
 Have not we much reason to sing and rejoice?
 From Winter's approach then what harm can we fear,
 When bounteously furnish'd with comforting cheer?

Birmingham,

Birmingham, for arts renown'd,
 O'er the globe shall foremost stand:
 Nor its vast increase be found
 To be equall'd in the land.
 If the will of fancy ranges
 From the *Tagus* to the *Ganges*,
 Or from *Lapland* Cliffs extend
 To the *Patagonian* Strand,
 For mechanic skill and pow'r,
 In what kingdom, on what shore,
 Lies the place that can supply
 The world with such variety?

What relief in the fare
 Of all heavy ware,
 When the whole undertaking is finish'd!
 In affairs, what a turn,
 When cattle and corn
 In their rates shall be greatly diminish'd!

In war or in peace,
 All commerce would cease,
 Was it not for a free Navigation:
 'Tis of riches the source,
 When such plans we enforce,
 And of freedom our dear preservation.

Arts, genius, and science,
 On thee have reliance,
 And reverence thy conquering pow'r,
 Whose castles of wood,
 Floating bulwarks have stood,
 To the terror of *Gallia's* proud shores.

Still may our Vessels, o'er the briny deep,
 To sundry ports their various courses keep:
 May Navigation, Liberty's dear friend,
 Her wonted fame to greater lengths extend;
 Open her sluices and through mountains force,
 To distant Lands an easy intercourse:

And *Birmingham*, for every curious art
 Her Sons invent, be *Europe's* greatest mart;
 In every Kingdom ever stand enroll'd,
 The grand Mechanic Warehouse of the World!

A STROLLING BALLAD SINGER's RAM- BLE TO LONDON.

Tune—Last Week in Lent I came to Town.

THE first of April SIXTY-THREE,
 To London I went *budging*,
 For know you all of my degree,
 Go on their Tentoes trudging;
 At COVENTRY I stopt to see,
 If any thing was wanting,
 From pocket lodge—pull'd out my *fodge*,
 And straightway fell to chanting.

And as I pass'd the Streets along,
 The people round me gazing!
 Some cry'd out 'tis nobly sung,
 And worthy of our praising;
 My Voice was clear, my Heart was stout,
 Then why should I repent it,
 A decent penny soon I got,
 And in the Evening spent it.

Next Morning by the break of Day,
 Oh think of my good look, Sir,
 A tramping on the broad highway,
 A TINKER I o'ertook, Sir,
 Who told me that—Trade was so flat,
 That he was almost undone,
 Yet on the road—wit 'Spirits good,
 He was ganging awa y to LONDON,

I pleased

I pleas'd was with Company,
 And lik'd his occupation,
 Two better suited could not be,
 To travel o'er the Nation;
 Where'er we come---I and my *Chum*,
 Some business have to settle,
 I tramp each Town---whilst he sits down
 To mending of his KETTLE.

From DAVENTRY up to TOWCESTER,
 Together we went *jogging*,
 Stop frequently, and cry good Sir,
 Of Gin bring us a Noggin;
 But as to *prog*---where'er we jog,
 So little is our swallow,
 A crust of bread---serves us for food,
 When pockets are grown shallow.

But now observe an odd affair,
 Just entering into STONY,
 We met a sturdy jovial Tar,
 And seeming fraught with money;
 Who cry'd my lad---can't tips a quid,
 Of nice and choice Virginia,
 Quoth I my Blue---and welcome too,
 Without one single penny.

He serv'd himself, then cry'd my boy,
 Let's tipple whilst we've leisure,
 So *Tinking* TOM, the TAR, and I,
 Sat down to take our pleasure,
 In flowing bowls---we soak'd our fou
 Till morning light was peeping,
 When Sailor Jack---lay on his back
 Upon the ground a sleeping,

We left the Tar to pay the *shot*,
 Then budg'd away to FENNY,
 Rejoicing at our happy lot,
 As bold and bluff as any;

Through BRICKHILL past---and came at last,
 To HOCKLEY in the hole, Sir,
 Where in delight---we spent the night,
 No further then would stroll, Sir.

Each house was full of company,
 Not one you'd empty find, Sir,
 Upon a bed of straw we lay,
 But this we did not mind, Sir;
 For 'mongst the throng--by downright song,
 So flush'd was I with treasure,
 Tho' small the town---I earn'd a crown,
 By fingering the jovial Grazier.

Here having got a decent fill,
 Of what is call'd good liquor,
 We cap the summit of CHALK-HILL,
 But few could mount it quicker;
 At DUNSTABLE---pick'd up a *Cull*,
 With whom we beat a parley,
 Pursu'd the rig---and danc'd a jig,
 From thence in the morning early.

In MARKET-STREET we make no stop,
 Nor call at Mother Dolben's;
 Not tasting either bit or drop,
 Until we reach St. ALBANS;
 Where Brother BRASS---and I might pass,
 An hour in conversation,
 Pay down our *shot*---then off we trot,
 Ne'er dwell long in one station.

By twelve o'clock we came in sight,
 And plainly could discern it,
 A place, which if my judgment's right,
 The learned call it BARNET;
 Necessity press'd on me still,
 To make another rally;
 For let the back go how it will,
 We must not starve the belly.

To LONDON we came safe and sound,
 But sworn at HIGHGATE both were,
 Tom was for the BOROUGH bound,
 To part we very loth were;
 The mind tho' nothing here controuls,
 'Tis more than twelve to ten, Sir,
 That such a pair of merry souls,
 Ne'er tramp the ground again, Sir.

Next morn resolv'd the town to range
 (About I must be steering)
 A step I took across the Change,
 But nothing found worth hearing;
 Of BULLS and BEARS---and lott'ry snares,
 Regardless of what fame says,
 I fled from SCRIP---and took a trip,
 With speed towards St. JAMES's.

The KING was going to Parliament,
 A numerous croud was round him,
 Some huzza'd him as he went,
 And others cry'd---confound him!
 At length a shout---came thundering out!
 Which made the air to ring, Sir,
 All in one voice---cry'd no excise,
 No BUTE, no Cyder KING, Sir.

'Mongst every company I got,
 Of BARBERS, SMITHS, and BAKERS;
 Chiefest tone was d----n the SCOT,
 And all such vile PEACE MAKERS;
 Resolv'd no more---the streets to scour,
 Or here for bread to scramble,
 I halted down---to this good Town,
 "So ended my London ramble."

THE BOILING OF THE VINTNER'S WIG.

Tune--- As Jack the brisk young Drummer.

ATTEND my jolly hearts of gold,
 Whilst I relate a story;
 The lad that's hearty, free and bold,
 Will in the subject glory;
 As sprightly wit and merriment,
 Kills care and drowns all sadness,
 Some jovial blades were fully bent,
 To spend a night in gladness.

'Twas at the CASTLE TAVERN where
 Good souls are oft delighted,
 Rich punch they drank, which noble cheer
 Uncommon mirth excited;
 At Bacchus's ennobled shrine,
 To shew their firm allegiance,
 No soul refus'd to boldly join,
 In paying free obedience.

Burning Wigs in former days,
 Upon a good occasion,
 Has been the customary ways,
 Of many in the nation;
 No TONSOR need a rush to care,
 What means are us'd to spoil them,
 Our modern BUCKS of late declare,
 The best way is to boil them.

It hap'd the LANDLORD's perriwig,
 A fine full bottom *Caxon*,
 Was hanging on a wooden peg,
 And look'd as white as flaxen;
 'Twould make a Bishop laugh to *twig*,
 These Bucks when in their mettle,
 And how the Vintner's Sabbath Wig,
 Was clap'd into the kettle.

Oh think what rich, what costly soup,
 It made, and what a deal, Sirs,
 Enough in troth to serve a groupe,
 Of Frenchmen for a meal, Sirs!
 On this FULL BOTTOM what was laid,
 So fobb'd all on a sudden,
 For any family would made,
 A handsome Christmas pudding,
 To usher in that festival,
 When eating's much in fashion,
 And custom gives its usual call,
 For modest recreation;
 This free and hearty jovial set
 Of Bucks did play this rig, Sir,
 Who o'er their CUPS can ne'er forget
 The *boiling* of the WIG, Sir.

THE GAMBLERS.

Tune--- A pilgrim blithe and jolly.

YE gambling vile banditti!
 Of every town and city,
 Whose hearts deserve no pity,
 When all your self is gone;
 Weigh the matter fairly,
 In your bosom clearly,
 Reason must severely,
 Condemn you every one.

The conduct you're pursuing,
 'Tis known has been the ruin,
 And absolute undoing
 Of thousands in the land;
 Then from your kings and aces,
 Which mankind disgraces,
 Hither turn your faces,
 And join the jovial band.

The

The convict under sentence,
Of life that's no depredance,
When brought to true repentance,
Is often heard to say,
Friends, by me be hence taught,
Look at at my distress'd lot,
Gaming 'twas on me brought
Shame and poverty.

Of time what depredation !
That this pernicious passion,
Should be the reigning fashion,
Which Britons so degrade ?
Cards, my boys, forsake 'em,
Neither cut nor shake 'em,
Bid the devil take 'em,
And renounce the trade.

THE BROMWICH MASQUERADE.

TALK no more of vain romances
Playhouse songs, or country dances :
'Mongst the gentry of the nation
Masquerading's all in fashion.
Doodle, doodle doo.

At Bromwich t'other day the splendor
Truly did amazement render !
Gods and goddesses advancing !
And the little Cupids dancing.

Characters of various nations,
Shone in splendid imitations :
Some look'd bold and fierce as dragons,
Some like Turks, and some like Pagans.

With

With the spoils of India garnish'd,
View the Nabob richly harness'd ;
Sparkling diamonds in his plumage,
When he join'd the dance at Bromwich.

But where's the nymph that's half so clever
As Diana with her quiver ?
Of the train the fairest flower,
To whom Venus yields her power.

Mark! how each spectator traces
Vulcan's sons with iron faces ;
Like the tars that seek promotion,
Look'd as tho' they'd brav'd the ocean.

Next observe the fam'd ph——n,
Hermit like, commence magician ;
Sure the judgment must be sterling,
Of the deep sagacious Merlin.

When conjurers can jig and caper,
Bluster, swell, look big, and vapour ;
Punch, the prince of merry fellows,
Of such doings must be jealous.

THE COCK-LANE GHOST.

Tune—Have you not read a book call'd Tristram Shandy
Ma'am.

STORIES of phantoms in history long have stood,
Oft have I read them in authors of old ;
When HOSIER's ghost danc'd a jig on the briny flood,
Oh, how it frighted our sailors so bold !
'Twas near the town Portobel,
Many the same can tell,
And some have said to brave VERNON it spoke ;

C

The

The tale (tho' a fabulous cheat)
 With wonder the credulous struck,
 The Londoners swallow'd the bait,
 The country took all as a joke.

A fling on the *Cockneys* is nothing uncommon, Sir,
 Instances of it 'tis easy to find;
 How they've been nick'd both by man and by woman, Sir,
 Wonders to gaze at so fondly inclin'd!
 When young ARISTOTLE,
 To creep in the bottle,
 Had drawn a large audience to see the exploit;
 At marvellous matters to stare!
 When hundreds were big with delight,
 He took of the CASH special care,
 And then bid them all a good night.

Many think now that this Haymarket conjurer,
 Out of diversion to hum them again;
 Playing the harlequin in lesser compass, Sir,
 Crept through a key-hole that is in COCK-LANE;
 After a twelve year's nap,
 Changing his former shape,
 Snugly he lodg'd in the crack of a wall,
 And there by a knock and a scratch,
 The members about him did call;
 The *GRAY* themselves came to watch,
 But yet, Sirs, he cheated them all.

'Twas in the vault of a church called Clerkenwell,
 Where are deposited many dead bones;
 Our London connoisseurs searching this lonely cell,
 No spirit seeing, nor frighten'd by groans;
 To treat with derision,
 This rank imposition,
 The council assembled, on this point agreed;
 That all the affair was a cheat,
 A laughable story indeed,
 And swore from discovery so great,
 The public should have it with speed.

With that to the printers they sent their credentials,
 In manifest vows what they found to be true ;
 LLOYD and the rest publish'd off the essentials,
 That all the whole world their transactions might view ;
 No doubt but hist'ry,
 Will hand to posterity,
 Each single circumstance of these strange things,
 As telling what hour of the clock,
 The sprite this intelligence brings ;
 And gives you the answer by knock,
 At other times flutters its wings.

A story we've heard of an old GYPSEY's planning,
 Which not to the world is made clear at this day ;
 Concerning a girl that was called BET CANNING,
 And took from Moorfields in a whirlwind away,
 GYPSEY or CANNINGNITE,
 Faith it was all a bite,
 So is this story when stript of its veil ;
 But we joyous over our bowls,
 When met for an evening's regale ;
 Will laugh at those credulous souls,
 Who swallow'd this COCK and BULL tale.

THE JOVIAL COCKERS.

[WRITTEN BY DESIRE.]

Tune—Oh the jolly angler's life.

OF the jovial SONS of GAME,
 Scatter'd o'er the nation,
 From the highest pitch of fame,
 To the lowest station,
 None there are,
 That any where,
 Can COCKERS match for spirit;

Old and young, of the throng,
 When they hear, far or near,
 Of a fight, take a flight,
 Free and bold, sport their gold,
 'Mongst their brethren of the band;
 Winning, losing, ne'er refusing,
 To discount a just demand,
 Whilst of cash their pockets stand,
 Stout enough to bear it.

Not a country, save our own,
 Can such sport be found in;
 It is *Britain's* isle alone,
 That such bloods abound in;
 True-bred game,
 What Sportsmen deem,
 Win the day, or die, Sir;
 If by chance, the breed of France,
 Mix among our feather'd throng,
 Those we lot, for spit or pot,
 For to feel, the prick of steel,
 Makes 'em cow'r, and turn tail,
 Shifting, turning, running, mourning;
 British fowl, boys, never fail,
 Over French cocks to prevail,
 Or to make them fly, Sir.

'Tis a comely, pleasing sight,
 On a summer's morning,
 To behold in splendour bright,
 All in bloom adorning,
 'CHANTICLEER,
 Devoid of fear,
 Who, soon as day's approaching,
 Claps his wings, then he sings,
 Now he walks, then he stalks,
 Turns his head, of coral red,
 For to hear, if any near,
 Answer to his thrilling sound;

Cawing,

Cawing, crowing, rutting, strutting,
 Braving all his neighbours round ;
 Combats those that dare be found,
 On his walk encroaching,

When the time approaches nigh,
 That there's sport ensuing;
 To the PIT away we fly,
 Fancy's will pursuing :
 I hold a crown,
 Before they're down,
 Take of each your liking ;
 Standers by, loudly cry,
 Odds the grey, wins the day,
 But in a while, the ginger pile,
 Foremost gets, now the bets
 Turn about from side to side ;
 Panting, breathing, bleeding, dying,
 There's a contest bravely try'd,
 Grey was bottom, tho' he dy'd,
 And a true-bred chicken.

Soon as e'er a battle ends,
 From the PIT retiring,
 All sit down, as jovial friends,
 What is more desiring,
 Than to see,
 So frank and free,
 All hearts in mirth combining ;
 Now we brag, of duck-wing flag,
 Make a match, sing a catch,
 Laugh and chat, never flat,
 Heel, and then, to sport again—
 Thus the hours glide away ;
 Gentle, simple, wicked, ragged,
 All delight to sport and play,
 And their losings freely pay,
 Ne'er at Fate repining.

Let the rest of different scenes,
 Boast their greatest pleasure,
 Of the turf, or pictur'd queens,
 Sporting free their treasure ;
 Let them prefer
 Inferior
 Pursuits of recreation ;
 English blood, staunch and good,
 Love to cock, drink, and smoke,
 And resort, for the sport,
 To and fro, high or low,
 Wind about each different shire ;
 Cutting, trimming, heeling, betting,
 Care not for what point they bear ;
 COCKERS always meet and fare,
 With the best in fashion.

AMERICAN CONTEST.

MOTHER England's own child, a fine lusty grown lass,
 Who for size thro' the world for a woman might pass,
 To her neighbours in violent anger complains,
 That her dame is preparing to load her with chains.

Derry down, &c.

The daughter is able to earn her own bread ;
 And long on plain diet has decently fed ;
 On her true ancient rights will admit no controul,
 For freedom she loves as she loves her own soul.

Her high pamper'd matron, to luxury prone,
 In folly and fashion extravagant grown,
 Pretended she'd got an old reck'ning to pay,
 And could wipe off the score if her daughter drank tea.

By the invoice the girl at an instant could see,
 If she took to the goods a hard bargain 'twould be ;

And as soon as the cargo was brought to the Key,
In a passionate air tofs'd it into the sea.

At this impudent freak the old Lady was stirr'd,
She gave her command, and revenge was the word;
Resolv'd if she still disregarded her call,
To force down the poison with powder and ball.

" You impudent hussy, you termagant jade,
" When a powerful foe did your suburbs invade,
" Were not my best blood and my treasure expended,
" And were not your settlements nobly defended."

In the most corrupt kingdom the world ever knew,
Do not wonder, in peace, why fresh taxes ensue;
And you, spite of threats, by St. Stephen I swear,
From this time a part of such burthens shall bear.

" But say, is it more than your duty to nourish,
" The brat which has caus'd your whole empire to flourish?
" And if, cries the lass cruel measures are sought,
" 'Tis twenty to one but you cut your own throat."

" My trade you restrain, of my produce you share;
" But don't pick my pocket, for that I can't bear;
" To serve you in want I exerted my power,
" The late war will prove it, what would you have more."

" Years ago the same maxim you meant to pursue,
" Ill judg'd was the deed, and oppression your view;
" When forgetting the parent, you storm'd like a brute,
" And but for Will Pitt I'd been stamp'd under foot."

But this is the language of those near the throne,
To provide for our friends something more must be done,
England long has been fleec'd, the Hibernians drain'd,
And supplies from America must be obtain'd.

'Taxation's a burthen destructive of trade,
A plague worse than ever did Egypt invade,
And England will never get rid of the sore,
Till she takes up a sponge, and wipes off the whole score.

Derry down, &c.

THE

THE DEFAULTER'S RETREAT.

Time---The Hounds are all out.

YE hunters so bold, who delight in a chace,
Nor dread leaping rivers or rocks;
Attend, whilst in song I endeavour to trace
The retreat of a cunning old Fox,

My brave boys,

The Liv'ry of London, with joy be it told,
Unkennel'd this crafty old *Ren*;
They ruffled his brush, and pursu'd him so bold,
That he fled fairly over the main.

Tho' to France the defaulter for safety may go,
'Tis odds, for the wrongs he has done,
If the huntsmen who rous'd him, but cry Tally'o,
For his life he will closely be run.

Long time on the plains of fair Albion he rang'd,
And fed on the sweets of the soil;
But now, the deceiver his climate has chang'd,
And our foes they partake of his spoil.

Since London the noble example has set,
O let not the season slip by;
Unite in the hunt, and success you will meet,
Such a cause never suffer to die.

The coursers of Yorkshire are ready we find,
The worthy Sir George leads the van,
And the Devonshire lads for the sport are inclin'd,
For the doctor has drawn out the plan.

Shall Warwickshire hunters in slackness be found,
And not the occasion embrace?
Our fathers of old would have tore up the ground,
E'er they'd lag in so noble a chace.

Ye counties around, at the call make no stand,
Like Britons your courage display;
And chase the state vermin quite out of the land,
That aim on its vitals to prey.

A CALL TO THE BUCKS.

Tune.—Rouze, rouze, brother sportsman.

THE dusk of the evening began to appear,
And Phœbus had just slid under the sphere ;
But as he withdrew, call'd to pleasure away,
And recompence make for the toils of the day.

The sons of bright humour were pleas'd at the hint,
And knew by withdrawing his beams what he meant;
Then strait to the Lodge, for diversion resort,
Where Innocence smiles at our jocular sport.

We cherish the arts, Unanimity prize,
And make it our rule to be merry and wise ;
From Unity's bands never seen to depart,
For Friendship is rooted in each jovial heart.

The Gods at Olympia who over their bowls,
Drank bumpers of nectar to gladden their souls,
When moist'ning their hearts in the fulness of glee,
Were never so joyous or happy as we.

No party disputes about matters of state,
Our pastime annoy, or dissensions create ;
The prince that once saw how our time we employ,
Wou'd barter his crown to partake of the joy.

Ye Worthies attend when the Grand takes the chair,
Ye Foresters join, and ye Rangers draw near;
May Friendship subsist, and the Bucks' noble band,
A thousand years hence flourish over the land.

On a PLAY-HOUSE being turned into a METHODIST MEETING-HOUSE.

I Sing not of battles, nor sing of the state,
But a strange metamorphose that's happen'd of late,
Which if the comedians of London should hear,
Who knows—it may put the whole body in fear.

Derry down, &c.
Where

Where dancing and tumbling have many times been,
 And plays of all kinds by large audiences seen;
 These wicked diversions are not to be more,
 Poor Shakespear is buffeted out of the door.

The story is true, tho' the tale it is strange,
 And people might well be alarm'd at the change;
 Instead of a Dryden, a Johnson, or Lee,
 You nothing but purest devotion can see.

Behold, where the sons of good humour appear'd,
 The scenes are thrown down, and a pulpit is rear'd;
 The boxes on each side converted to pews,
 And the pit all around nought but gravity shews.

The music's sweet sound, which enliven'd the mind,
 Is turn'd into that of a different kind;
 No comic burletta, or French rigadoon,
 But all join together, and chant a psalm tune.

When told that sam'd W--l--y appear'd on the stage;
 The grave ones began to reflect on the age;
 But those in the secret approv'd of the case,
 For 'twas done to drive Satan away from the place.

If through the land this example should take,
 A strange reformation it surely would make;
 All writings dramatic would certainly cease,
 If COVENT' and DRURY should catch the disease.

Derry down, &c.

ON SIR CHARLES HOLT'S ELECTION.

Tune---Nancy Dawson.

COME all ye sons of liberty,
 In worst of times, who dare be free,
 In chorus nobly join with me,

My story claims attention
 'Twixt freedom's sons and lordly pow'r,
 Which aim'd our birth-rights to devour.
 So hard a contest ne'er before
 Can English records mention.

*Twas

'Twas on the plains of Warwickshire,
Where many thousands did appear,
In fact the fight was so severe,

It struck the land with wonder.
The Reds had long the upper ground,
Yet to their sorrow quickly found,
The Blues were lads whose hearts were sound,
And never would knock under.

When seven days were fairly fled,
The Red began to droop his head;
On freedom's soil the courtier bred,
No laurels could be reaping:
Vexation hung upon his face,
His friends bemoan'd his wretched case,
Much disappointed left the place,
And went from Warwick weeping.

A legion of the Great stepped forth,
Proclaiming loud the Placeman's worth;
But not the boast of fame or birth,
Could get the work completed:
For spite of all the mighty aid,
Which in the combat was display'd,
The Lords upon their backs were laid,
And gloriously defeated.

To Birmingham much praise is due,
Her sons were honest, bold, and true;
To action ardently they flew,
And what compleats the story,
They scorn'd from justice to revolt,
And at each daring base insult,
Like bottom Cocks took * double Holte,
And found the road to glory.

* Plumpers for Sir Charles.

ODE ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE MAR- QUIS OF GRANBY.

RECITATIVE.

FOND of the honours that were nobly won,
On German plains by England's darling son,
And anxious still to hold his memory dear,
Whose manly heart his country did revere,
Britannia, pointing to a social band
Of free-born souls, thus gives her fair command:
"Domestic broils this day shall be forgot;
Repair with freedom to that happy spot,
Where plenty reigns, and love and friendship claim,
The heart-felt tribute to a Granby's name."

A I R.

Belvoir, from her ancient towers,
Doth the welcome tidings tell;
On her plains and in her bowers,
Peace and sweet contentment dwell;
Whilst, to ornament the whole,
In her mansion still we see,
That which nobly marks the soul,
English hospitality.

Rutland's much-lov'd aged fire,
Full of goodness as of years,
Feels his bosom glow with fire,
And a florid aspect wears.
Hark! what plaudits rend the sky!
Grateful tribute proud to pay,
English hearts in songs of joy,
Honour Granby's natal day.

Virtues that divinely shone
In a worthy father's breast,
Are implanted in the son,
And already stand confest,

When

When he stopt the widow's sighs,
 Truth the godlike action tells;
 "Blest humanity, she cries,
 "In a *Manners* ever dwells."

SONG.

Here Britain's true friends that reception shall find,
 Which gladdens the heart, and enlivens the mind;
 From neighbouring counties the grave and the gay,
 Well-pleas'd with the summons, shall trip it away,
 And ven'able fires, as the hours glide along,
 In drinking grow mellow, and feel themselves young.
 The friends to fair science, arts, commerce, and trade,
 Will freely assemble, the pleasure to aid;
 The fair ones advance to embellish the scene,
 Whilst wit, love, and laughter, unitedly reign;
 And ruddy-fac'd peasants their labour throw by,
 And eagerly run to partake of the joy.

The vet'ran whose heart is a stranger to fear,
 And dreaded no hardship if Granby was near,
 When hearing the cause of these jubilee joys,
 Will find in his bosom fresh transports arise,
 And fir'd at so truly respectful a name,
 A fondness discover his love to proclaim.
 Ye lovers of mirth to the banquet resort,
 For Comus at Belvoir this day keeps his court:
 Ye Worthies of Framland, come taste of the cheer,
 No care will intrude, all be harmony here;
 Her Granby to honour, Britannia bids play,
 Her sons smile consent, and 'tis all holiday.

BIRMINGHAM TRANQUILITY, 1776.

Tune---The Miller of Mansfield.

IN England's fair capital every year,
 A tumult is raised about chusing Lord Mayor,
 Each party engages with fury and spleen,
 And nothing but strife and contention is seen.

D

Ye

Ye wrangling old cits, let me beg you'd look down,
And copy from Birmingham's peaceable town,
Where souls sixty thousand or more you may view,
No justice dwells here, and but constables two.

In no place besides, that's so populous grown,
Was ever less noise or disturbances known;
All hands find employment, and when their work's done,
Are happy as any souls under the sun.

With hammer and file time is carefully beat,
For such is the music of every street;
The anvil's sharp sound is the artist's delight,
And stamps, lathes, and presses in concert unite.

Let cities and boroughs for contest prepare,
In chusing of sheriffs, recorder, or mayor;
With such kinds of titles they've nothing to do,
Nor discord in chusing of officers shew.

The envy and hatred elections bring on,
Their hearty intention is always to shun;
No polling, no scratching, nor scrutinies rise,
Who friendship esteem must such measures despise.

To far distant climes doth her commerce extend;
Her channels of traffic admit of no end;
And Birmingham, whilst there is trade in the land,
For brightest invention unrivall'd shall stand.

BUNKER'S HILL, OR THE SOLDIER'S LAMENTATION.

Tune--- The muffled Bells of Bow and Bride.

I AM a jolly soldier,
Enlisted years ago,
To serve my king and country,
Against the common foe.
But when across th' Atlantic
My orders were to go,

I griev'd

I griev'd to think that English hearts,
Should draw their swords on those
Who fought and conquer'd by their side,
When Frenchmen were their foes.

In drubbing French and Spaniards,
A soldier takes delight,
But troops coop'd up in Boston,
Are in so sad a plight,
That many think their stomachs more
Inclin'd to eat than fight,
And like us would be loth to stir;
For ev'ry vet'ran knows,
We fought and conquer'd side by side,
When Frenchmen were our foes.

'Twas on the seventeenth of June,
I can't forget the day,
The flower of our army
For Charles town sail'd away.
The town was soon in ashes laid,
When bombs began to play:
But oh! the cruel scene to paint,
It makes my blood run chill,
Pray heaven grant I never more,
May climb up Bunker's Hill.

America to frighten,
The tools of power strove,
But ministers are cheated,
Their schemes abortive prove.
The men they told us would not fight,
Are to the combat drove,
And to our gallant officers,
It prov'd a bitter pill,
For numbers dropt before they reach'd
The top of Bunker's Hill.

I should not be amaz'd to hear
Wolfe's ghost had left the shades,

To check that shameful bloody work,
 Which England's crown degrades.
 The lads who scorn to turn their backs,
 On Gallia's best brigades,
 Undaunted stood but frankly own,
 They better had lain still,
 Than such a dear-bought victory gain,
 As that of Bunker's Hill.

Did they who bloody measures crave,
 Our toil and danger share,
 Not one to face the Rifle-men,
 A second time would dare.
 Ye Britons who your country love,
 Be this your ardent pray'r:
 To Britain and her colonies,
 May peace be soon restor'd,
 And knaves of high and low degree,
 Be *desin'd to the cord.*

BURGOYNE'S DEFEAT ON THE PLAINS OF SARATOGA.

Tune—Chevy Chase.

'TWAS in the year of seventy-seven,
 All British hearts must own;
 To England's crown fell such mishaps,
 The like was never known.

A mighty, boasting, Man of War,
 To Canada was sent,
 But sorely vex'd, the chief must be,
 That e'er he thither went.

Ten thousand chosen troops he led,
 Their valour to display;
 Which being told ONE ARNOLD swore,
 He would dispute their way.

Where

Where is the rebel that has dar'd,
To mock my words he said;
I'll give the man a thousand crowns,
That brings to me his head.

'Twas nobly spoke, but whilst the chief,
Of vict'ry was in quest;
The rebels to his quarters came,
And took away his chest.

The cruel fates sent forth a GATES,
And hard must be the task,
That of a foe he held so cheap,
A man should mercy ask.

Tune—Highland Laddie.

Were ever British forces in,
A more distressed situation;
By mortals was there ever seen,
A more bombastic proclamation;

CHORUS.

Was ever army so surrounded,
Was ever general so confounded!
The boaster strikes tho' none so gallant,
Ever fought by *scale of talent*.

They cross'd the lakes, and scour'd the grounds
Stoutly fighting for provision;
Till almost brought within the bounds
Of *unconditional submission*.

Was ever army, &c.

Full of vigour this vaunting commander set out,
And swore that he'd soon put his foe to the rout;
How the tables were turn'd, when this hero, alas!
Was himself taken up, and sent home by a pass.

Derry down, &c.

To make his way over a wild wilderness,
He ardently strove, but in vain did he press;
On *retrograde motions* was given to frown,
Nor danger beheld till a TUMBREL broke down.

'Twas said in the place where wise senators meet,
That the rebels should bend at the ministers' feet;
On such like affairs, only think how absurd,
It must be for a man to be worse than his word.

Ye humble addressers who crave blood and slaughter,
In readiness yet to go over the water;
Your lives and your fortunes you've promised the King,
I wish in the end you don't give him the fling.

The man years ago who his country betray'd,
Of this ruinous war, has been plac'd at the head;
And whilst he keeps scheming, and dreaming of wonders!
Each season brings on a succession of blunders.

PRESCOT'S BREECHES: or, the OLD SOLDIER'S VOYAGE to AMERICA.

Tune—The Chace of Killruddy.

WE set sail from *Portsmouth* on Candlemas-day,
The wind at North-east, and a moderate sea;
In forty-four hours of the Channel got clear,
And when under convoy, what had we to fear?
We stopt for provisions a few days at *Cork*,
Then making the best of our way to *New York*,
In less than six weeks the *Atlantic* got o'er,
And wrought in good health the *American Shore*.

For more than two months in the *Jerseys* we lay,
When we'd nothing to eat, then we halted away;
And whilst *England* through, expectations beat high,
That *Howe* would by thousands the *Rebels* destroy;
When just at those troops he had taken a peep,
Who before were compar'd to an army of *sheep*,
He took 'em for *wolves*, turn'd his back, chang'd his tone,
And thought the best way was to let 'em alone.

Now

Now up the *Chesapeak* gently we steer,
 Then back to *New York*, in a woundy career;
 Wonders *CORNWALLIS*'s veterans reap,
 Whilst *CLINTON* and *WASHINGTON* play at bo-peep:
 I pity poor *PRESCOT*, his case must be hard,
 To be nabb'd in his quarters, but where was his guard?
 One would think his whole *Corps* must be dead or asleep,
 Or he'd not been so easily haul'd o'er the deep.

The chief from his bed, when commanded to rise,
 With horror was struck—you may guess the surprize,
 And doubtless might think, ere he wak'd from his fright,
 When ent'ring the boat, in the dead of the night,
 That the *Fates* had determin'd his doom so to fix,
 And old *Charon* was wafting him over the *Styx*;
 More unpolite usage sure never was known,
 Not to stop, just to let him his *BREECHES* slip on.

I wish from my heart the contention was o'er,
 I long to approach my own country once more;
 For plaguy hard *biscuit*, *salt pork*, and *sour crout*,
 Never pleasingly go down an *Englishman's* throat.
 Ye beer-drinking souls, who, in moist'ning your clay,
 Fight *battles*, storm *forts*, and cross *lakes* every day,
 Pity the *SOLDIER* that's sent to these parts,
 And drink to the welfare of all honest hearts.

THE DIABOLIAD.

“WHEN *PLUTO*, as told,
 Grew amazingly old,”
 As much from his death was to fear;
 That doubts might be quell'd,
 A council was held,
 A successor to vote for the chair.

Amongst the directors,
 Sat many contractors,

Who to favour had artfully crept in ;
 With clippers and coiners,
 And state underminers,
 All eclips'd by a Bastard of Neptune.

Many hundreds apply'd,
 Who at Tyburn had dy'd,
 Yet all in their efforts were foil'd ;
 John the Painter had friends,
 And a small shew of hands,
 Were in favour of Jonathan Wild.

After many hours spent,
 On this special intent,
 And what can their bus'ness controul ?
 A whisper went round,
 That on earth might be found,
 By far the best qualify'd soul.

The first that was nam'd,
 Was that Hero so fam'd,
 Who at MINDEN high honours did gain ;
 A legion, at least,
 His merit confess'd,
 And loudly they shouted G---M---N.

Lord GEORGE bore the sway,
 'Till the *Knight* urg'd his plea ;
 In favour of each much was said :
 And which of the two,
 To elect they scarce knew,
 For orders they'd both disobey'd.

GUY FAUX, thro' mistake,
 Was got into the *wake*,
 Who it seems by his *Lanthorn* was known :
 But in point of respect,
 JEMMY TWITCHER, in fact,
 Is before him a thousand to one.

'Ere the *Log-book* was clos'd,
 Captain H—D was propos'd,

And

And others of hearts truly callous;
 Jolly DICK was well spoke of
 JOHNNY STRUTT made a joke of,
 And some for Lord M—— were zealous.

But the Devil, 'tis said,
 Uplifted his head,
 As warm in debating they grew;
 And swore, by the *Styx*,
 Diabolical tricks,
 Center'd most in the breast of Sir HUGH.

Tho' great his promotion,
 The Sons of the Ocean,
 For a *Messmate*, no longer will have him;
 As an *Out-cast*, they've now,
 Set a mark on his brow,
 And the *Morning-Post Parson* can't save him.

LANGARA's DEFEAT: or, the BRITISH FLAG TRIUMPHANT.

WITH party away,
 Let none dare to say,
 But all Britain's true hearted sons,
 Their voices will raise,
 To sing in the praise,
 Of those who have well drubb'd the DONS.

In anxiety keen,
 Had the kingdom long been,
 From the waves something noble to hear;
 The time is now come,
 Bold Britons strike home,
 And joy in each face must appear.

Gallant RODNEY, who'd not,
 More than three weeks been out,

To

To make much of a short winter's day;
 Like the old English HAWKE,
 No season would baulk,
 But instantly darts on his prey.

Tho' tempests did roar,
 And near a lee-shore,
 No danger could ruffle his brow;
 And treating with scorn,
 Putting things off till morn,
 Cry'd, " Well try it out handsomely now."

Of the line five they claim,
 Ships as fine as e'er swam
 One burnt, and two dash'd on the shore:
 Three Capuchin Friars,
 Much against their desires,
 This important event did deplore.

The bold British Chief,
 To our foes bitter grief,
 Like a veteran tar did engage;
 And as Fame truly sings,
 Clipt the * *Phoenix's* wings,
 And made the old bird shift his cage.

Since the DONS are in crib,
 And secur'd is old GIB,
 Let gladness in every breast reign;
 Your glasses then fill,
 'T hat Britain may fill,
 Her empire preserve on the main.

* Name of the Spanish Admiral's Ship.

RECRUITING SONG, on the Commencement of HOSTILITIES with the FRENCH.

Tune---Come, then all ye social powers.

COME ye lads that wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms, and form the line,
That leads to martial glory.

CHORUS.

Charge the *musquet*, point the *lance*,
Brave the worst of dangers;
Tell the blustering sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the *LION*'s rouz'd,
And her *FLAG* is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd.
To drub the foe that's daring.

Chorus---Charge the *musquet*, &c.

Hearts of oaks, with speed advance,
Pour your naval thunder,
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the *world* with wonder.

Chorus---Charge the *musquet*, &c.

Honour for the *Brave* to share,
Is the noblest booty;
Guard your coasts, protect the Fair,
For that's a *BRITON*'s duty.

Chorus---Charge the *musquet*, &c.

What if *Spain* her aid imparts,
And forms a base alliance;
All unite, and British hearts
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

Beat the *Drum*, the *Trumpet* sound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your *Country* righted.

The

The DEFEAT of D'ESTAING at SAVANNAH.

Tune---Over the Hills and far away.

HARK! from o'er the Western main,
Fame exulting spreads her wing;
Britons catch the welcome strain,
And fir'd with joy this chorus sing:

CHORUS.

Proud the *Gallic Cock* was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
British valour cuts his comb,
And drives the *Traitor* bleeding home.

Rolling o'er the raging sea,
Came the vile insulting foe,
Vowing in his wrath that he,
Would strike a deep and deadly blow.

Chorus---Proud the *Gallic Cock*, &c.

To menaces before unknown,
This was every veteran's cry,
"Sooner than give up the town,
Before the walls we'll bravely die."

Chorus---Proud the *Gallic Cock*, &c.

Now the balls from ramparts play,
A dreadful carnage soon appears;
But lo! the blustering *COUNT* gave way,
For low were laid his Grenadiers.

Chorus---Proud the *Gallic Cock*, &c.

Manfully the brave *PREVOST*,
Gallia's boasted Chief fell on;
Stript the laurel from his brow,
And fixt the branch upon his own.

CHORUS.

Proud the *Gallic Cock* was grown,
But that pride is coming down;
British valour cuts his comb,
And drives the *Traitor* bleeding home.

THE

The JERSEY EXPEDITION.

CHRISTMAS gambols to make, being valiant and stout,
 The French on a visit to Jersey set out,
 And met with that holiday kind of reception,
 So droll the account it exceeds all description.

Derry down.

For *extra production*, since types were first set,
 There never was seen a more curious GAZETTE;
 Not dreaming of harm in the dead of the night,
 The chief was caught napping, and wrote in a fright.

Eight hundred were landed the best accounts say,
 And got to St. Helier's before break of day;
 But in a few hours, to believe they were taught,
 'Twas the much dearest market-place ever they fought.

For when his brave troops, the bold PIERSON led on,
 Tho' the gallant youth fell, soon the battle was won;
 Nay, all were, it seems (and what more could be said)
 Kill'd, wounded, and taken—the rest away fled.

Derry down.

Tune—That miracles never will cease,

To St. Maloe's was sent an express,

Illuminate now was the word;

The people could do nothing less,

Such joy did the tidings afford:

But here lies the cream of the jest,

The boaster a second time writes:

" 'Tis all a mere farce I protest---

" Pray, gentlemen, put out your lights."

The British Commander was taken;

The Frenchman, to watch closely o'er him,

And thinking to save his own bacon,

His captive had plac'd right before him;

A marksman observing what state,

The poor frightened Col'nel was in,

Let fly through the Governor's hat,

And took off the Frog eater's chin.

E

From

From such a kind shot, I'll be bound,
 'Tis more than a hundred to ten,
 So deep and so deadly the wound,
 He'll never want shaving again:
 So here ends this *Quixote* affair,
 The Frenchmen paid dear for their frolick;
 For hundreds were drove to despair,
 And dy'd of *a leaden-ball cholic*.

The STATE BEGGARS.

OF all the jolly *Beggars*,
 That grievances relate,
 There's none, I trow, like those who go
 A begging for the *State*.

And a begging we will go.

If *Statesmen* lose an *Empire*,
 How can we blame the men,
 Who use their might, to beg and fight,
 To get it back again.

And a begging, &c.

Lord NORTH shall still be counted,
 The foremost of the train,
 For begging more, than all the poor,
 Of *England* would maintain.

And a begging, &c.

He begg'd for *Sixty Millions*,
 The flames of war t'increase;
 And when he could not have his end,
 He begg'd and pray'd for peace.

And a begging, &c.

The KING, his debts to master,
 As well as ask for more,
 A begging went---and PARLIAMENT,
 Clear'd off the Royal Score,

And a begging, &c.

When

When GILBERT mov'd, that *Placemen*,
Should have their pay reduc'd,
Like JOLLY DICK, they all turn'd sick,
And begg'd to be excus'd.

And a begging, &c.

Whilst TAXES are increas'ing,
The kingdom will complain;
To stop this plague, the people beg,
But always beg in vain.

And a begging, &c.

For loss of many thousands,
Were *Statesmen* to atone,
Let *Jack Ketch* fix the rope on SIX,
And all the work is done.

And a begging we will go.

JOLLY DICK and JEMMY TWITCHER.

A DIALOGUE.

Sung to the Tune of, The Jovial Beggar.

TWO STATESMEN, who were seldom known,
At *Church* the knee to bend,
A consultation held, to learn,
A *Fast-day* how to spend.

The one, 'tis known, a *Chaplain* kept,
Of *India's* ancient breed;
A *Monkey*, which, if fame says true,
Did grace at table read.

His service to the country round,
Such laughter did afford,
'Tis scarce yet clear'd, who's most rever'd,
The *Chaplain* or his *Lord*.

Now RICHARD was a jolly dog,
 Of little thought or care;
 Though, like his friend, he prayers disdain'd,
 No man could faster swear.

Full well 'tis known, their private hours,
 Until this pious age,
 A bottle and a bawdy song,
 Did frequently engage.

This gloomy service, sure, says Dick,
 But little time will last;
 Tho' bound t'obey, I cannot pray,
 And d—n me if I fast.

At so much rank hypocrisy,
 One can't tell what to say;
 For *Government*, is firmly bent,
 To fight as well as pray.

Says RICHARD, fain I'd keep this day,
 As you, JEM, keep each Sunday;
 At large to roll, and soak my soul,
 In *Claret* and *Burgundy*.

But here, in this religious farce,
 Lies all the seeming evil,
 We can't attend, at church to bend,
 Unless we cheat the DEVIL.

To disoblige so good a friend,
 Quoth JEM, I should be loth;
 Nor would I fling, or jeer the king,
 But strive to please 'em both.

Between ourselves, I think, cries Dick,
 The business may be done;
 I'll do a part, with all my heart,
 If you'll the robes put on.

The plan took place, the PEER was pleas'd,
 'Twas droll the scene to ken;
 So PUG was out of orders kick'd,
 And RICHARD said, *Amen*.

DROITWICH ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

Tune—'Twas in sultry Summer Weather.

CONTESTS holding in derision,
Seldom crost with cares or fears;
DROITWICH has no opposition,
Known for more than thirty years.

Those who covet noise and bluster,
Envy, spite, and party spleen;
Let 'em spend their days at **WOR'STER**,
No such doings here are seen.

Hark what shouts are now resounding,
LADS and **LASSES** great and small;
All in joy the **GEORGE** surrounding,
Honour friendship's annual call.

If you search the Kingdom over,
Tell me where's the **BOROUGH TOWN**,
From the **ORKNEY ISLES** to **DOVER**,
That more specie pays the Crown.

Many **BURGESSES** has **DROITWICH**,
Better fit for **PARLIAMENT**,
Than the greater part of those which
CORNISH BOROUGHs represent.

Ever free, and always ready
Truth and Justice to defend;
Honest, chearful, true and steady,
To their **COUNTRY, KING, and FRIEND.**

Then to crown this happy meeting,
And the joyous cause support;
Bumpers close with---not forgetting---
ROOT nor BRANCH of WHITLEY COURT.

BIR.

BIRMINGHAM RECRUITS.

FIFE and DRUM afford enjoyment,
And what trade so brisk appears;
As that spirited employment,
Beating up for VOLUNTEERS.

Mark those youths parading yonder,
Scarcely one turn'd sixteen years;
Cursing fate because their under,
Standard proof for VOLUNTEERS.

LADS as tight as coat can cover,
BIRMINGHAM for service rears;
Not a TOWN from TWEED to DOVER,
Sends the King more VOLUNTEERS.

Scorning in the cause to waver,
Sworn to go where glory steers;
FORTUNE will for ever favour,
All true hearted VOLUNTEERS.

B U D G E T D A Y.

Tune—Dusky Morn.

OLD scores to pay, we've been so much
Accustom'd to unstring,
That Budget-day comes ev'ry year,
As regular as spring.

Full twelve score millions of good pounds
JOHN BULL is said to owe;
But how or when 'tis to be paid,
Is what I wish to know.

A cent'ry past JOHN's family
Was not a pin in debt;
How strange to think that still we find,
The ROGUE can credit get.

In troth about the principal,
I little have to say,
For that our able statesmen leave
Posterity to pay.

'Tis true, they tell us, taxes must
Be had at any rate;
But tell me why should trade be made
The pack-horse of the state.

We're tax'd, we know, from head to toe,
And spite of tears and pray'rs,
Hard-hearted BILLY truly not
A female servant spares.

All sumptuous kind of luxuries,
The weight clap freely on,
But from good will, I beg dear BILL,
You'd let the girls alone.

A poll-tax once, old hist'ry says,
Created bloody strife;
By TYLER WAT, an insolent
Excisemen, lost his life.

What shame to think, the dogs to touch
No budget strokes are meant!
For shops when they, are made to pay,
Who cannot pay their rent.

And if th' increase of bankruptcies
Does not his hand abate;
He'll hamper trade, until he's made
A bankrupt of the state.

On the **SPEAKER'S CASTING VOICE**
AGAINST **FORTIFICATIONS.**

Tune—Hearts of Oak are our Ships.

TO the man let a bumper go chearfully round,
Who firmly maintains constitutional ground;
And party deriding, when put to the test,
Speaks out what he thinks for his country is best.

C H O R U S.

When the **LION** is rous'd, and to arms **BRITAIN** calls,
A fig for **INVASIONS**,
Or **FORTIFICATIONS**,
Old England's defence is her brave **WOODEN WALLS**.

By those who for **FORTIFICATIONS** declare,
Have too many castles been built in the *air*;
Rever'd be his name who his casting-voice gave,
Enormous expences the kingdom to save.

To such at all times though the number be few,
The warmest applause from their country is due,
Point blank was **MACBRIDE**, who his foe oft has foil'd,
And **BASTARD** is Old England's *natural Child*.

May those on true worth who disdain to look cold,
His merit reward with an anchor of gold;
And **CORNWALL** who never his high trust abus'd,
Soon see **CORNISH MEMBERS** in number reduc'd.

C H O R U S.

When the **LION** is rous'd, and to arms **BRITAIN** calls,
A fig for **INVASIONS**,
Or **FORTIFICATIONS**,
Old England's defence is her brave **WOODEN WALLS**.

SONG for the BRITISH TARS, on the SAIL-
ING of LORD HOWE's FLEET.

Tune--- We are the boys, who fear no noise,
Where thundering cannons roar.

THE Fort to save, the Fleet is gone,
Dispel all anxious care;
'Tis not a thing in nature known,
For Sailors to despair.

The language of our TARS will be,
On *Spain's* proud coast when got:
"We're come, bold RODNEY's game to play;
"Will you fight, ye dogs, or not?"

To *France* and *Spain*, oh grief of griefs!
With all their boasted might,
Since APRIL last, their Naval Chiefs,
No stomachs have to fight.

Ye Counties round, your Loyalty,
Now chearfully make known;
And blush, ye wealthy *Peers*, to see
What CUMBERLAND has done.

If one good soul, his zeal to shew,
A *Third-rate* sends from shore;
Sure BIRMINGHAM no less can do,
Than build a *Sixty-four*.

Should LOWTHER's fire, the Church inspire,
Whose spirit seldom droops,
The *Bishops* would build Men of War,
The *Deans* and *Deacons* Sloops.

Now party dies, and discord flies,
To glory BRITAIN calls;
Her pride and boast---be this the toast,
"Success to her WOODEN WALLS."

The BRITISH SALAMANDERS.

*Tune---*When Summer Days were long and fair.

OLD GIB is safe, with care away,
 And safe return'd the Fleet is ;
 And truly may each *Briton* say,
 In ELIOTT no deceit is ;
 And since the fall of ancient *Troy*,
 The pride of *Greece* to mention,
 No Siege did e'er so much employ,
The wond'ring world's attention.

Du' CRILLON to the crown of *Spain*
 His services who tender'd,
 Presum'd the day to mention when
 The FORT would be surrender'd ;
 But this impenetrable Rock,
 For three long years and more,
 Unhurt has stood the *Bourbon* shock,
 And still defies her power.

No scene could more attention draw,
 Fond hope did all inspire ;
 And many thousands went and saw,
 The atmosphere on fire :
 The GRANDEES, who their *Host* survey'd,
 Were struck with melancholy ;
 And weeping stood, to see 'em made,
A sacrifice to folly.

When all in flames their batteries,
 Were floating on the waters,
 Mount *Ætna* ne'er display'd a blaze,
 More dreadful to spectators :
 What mortal could such usage brook ?
 The DONS, and all around 'em,
 The Garrison for men mistook,
 And SALAMANDERS found 'em.

The *Walloon Guards*, when red hot balls,
 From ELIOTT's guns were pour'd,
 Look'd wishful at his stubborn walls,
 And mercy thus implor'd :--
 " 'Twixt fire and water who can live ?
 " For fear we all should lost be,
 " Your help we crave, assistance give,
 " Or burn'd or drown'd we must be."

Humanity attends the *Brave*,
 By BRITONS ever cherish'd ;
 And many lives did CURTIS save,
 Which otherwise had perish'd :
 The COUNT D'ARTOIS, 'till now cock sure,
 His tone began to alter ;
 And vow'd he'd never visit more,
 The SIEGE of GIBRALTAR.

From *Cadiz Bay* CORDOVA rode,
 The waves in fury smiting ;
 The British Fleet he dodg'd, but shew'd,
 No appetite for fighting :
 'Gainst pow'rful odds, for bloody scenes,
 The *Tars* were all in motion ;
 A proof that BRITAIN still maintains,
 Her *Empire o'er the Ocean*.

At ELIOTT's name, which none conceal,
 Each BRITON is delighted ;
 And Foreigners a pleasure feel,
 To hear his deeds recited :
 Then honour pay, with glass in hand,
 The bravest of Commanders,
 Forgetting not his veteran band,
 The BRITISH SALAMANDERS.

ADMIRAL

ADMIRAL PARKER'S ENGAGEMENT with the DUTCH FLEET.

Tune--- Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor.

ON a summer's SUNDAY morning,
Ere the Sun had shewn his face,
Gallant PARKER, danger scorning,
'Spy'd a sail, and call'd to chace:
For the *Action* all get ready,
Seeming fear no breast beset;
Chiefs more brave, and *Men* more steady,
Never on the *Ocean met*.

Now begins the deadly thunder,
Noise and rage disturb the flood:
Bullets rending limbs asunder,
Every deck runs down with blood:
Stout the vessels, great the slaughter;---
Many from the bloody fray,
Lay like *Wrecks* upon the water,
Masts and rigging tore away.

Close and fierce began the firing,
Briskly answering gun for gun;
Every moment lives expiring,
Not a ship attempts to run:
Forty minutes and three hours,
Did this dreadful combat hold;
And of two contending powers,
Which prevail'd, could scarce be told.

FAME, to honour each bold *Sailor*,
Thro' the world shall make it known,
On the waves, that British Valour,
Never more conspicuous shone;
From his Colours no one shrinking---
But upon the *stormy main*,
DUTCHMEN saw the **HOLLAND** sinking,
Ne'er, alas! to rise again.

Tho'

Tho' no *Conquest* great is founded,
 Let the heart of pity crave,
 Speedy comfort for the wounded,
 For the dead, a wat'ry grave!
 COMMERCE, at the conflict weeping,
 Cries, My SONG, your rage give o'er;
 Faith in *Treaties* henceforth keeping,
 Close the *Breach*, and war no more.

BRITANNIA TRIUMPHANT! on the GLO-
 RIOUS VICTORY of APRIL 12, 1782.

Tune---All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree.

BEHOLD from afar, what glad tidings are brought,
 What glorious exploits in the *Indies* are wrought;
 The darling of *Neptune*, of *Britain* the pride,
 Strikes terror to *France*, and her schemes has annoy'd.

CHORUS.

All shall yield to thy maritime sway,
 Blest *Britannia* homage pay;
Gallia's proud Sons shall trembling own,
 The glorious deeds by *Britons* done,

Of *Russell's* atchievements, tradition may boast,
 And tell at *La Hogue* how his fleet swept the coast;
 But the honours which RODNEY so nobly has won,
 All the deeds of the fam'd *Ninety-two* has out-done.

Chorus---All shall yield, &c.

In the late glorious war, noble conquests were made,
 And *Saunders*, and *Hawke*, British valour display'd;
 They fought, and they conquer'd, true glory to share,
 But the Glory of RODNEY is past all compare!

Chorus---All shall yield, &c.

The Sun never witness'd, till this rising year,
 A contest so lasting, so close, and severe;
 The stoutest built vessels the world e'er beheld,
 To strike to the brave *British Flag* were compell'd.

Chorus---All shall yield, &c.

Unpitied

Unpitied her folly shall *Gallia* mourn,
 Her *Fav'rite* is captur'd, her *Lillies* are torn;
 Her hopes are defeated, her schemes have been crost,
 And her GRAND NAVAL CITY for ever is lost.

CHORUS.

All shall yield to thy sovereignty,
 Blest *Britannia*, bend to thee;
 Matchless and free, thou still shalt be,
 And mistress reign of every sea.

The TRADING WAR: or a DIP in the
 LOAN.

Tune---Liberty Hall.

TO get a snug penny, since fighting began,
 The *War* to encourage, seems far the best plan;
 For *War* is a *Trade*, I'll uphold it, by which,
 Tho' thousands grow poor, many hundreds get rich.

What soul that has tasted the sweets of the *Loan*,
 But wishes next year the same work may go on?
 And the deeper a Man is concern'd in the *Trade*,
 The sooner his fortune is sure to be made.

The grasping *Contractor*, the war to promote,
 Each year for the lavish of Millions will vote;
 For *Taxes*, to those who the plunder enjoy,
 Are *Pills* of that nature, which never can cloy.

Rebellion to crush, when the *HOWES* were employ'd,
 A point of the utmost concern to decide,
 If rumour says true, all the fear that was shewn,
 Was that of their doing the business too soon.

One *ARNOLD*, for fighting, the cudgels took up,
 After making his thousands, he makes a dead stop;
 Then turning about, cries, "the *Rascals* are poor,
 "I'll e'en turn my *Coat*, 'tis the way to get more."

Preferring

Preferring *hard Dollars* to *Congress-drawn Notes*,
 He'll fight, like a *Swiss*, for *Turks*, *Russians*, or *Groats*;
 Whether *Slavery* or *Freedom AMERICA* gains,
 'Tis all one to him, so the *Pelf* he obtains.

On the waves since manœuv'ring has been the chief trade,
 Our Fleets little more than drawn-battles have made;
 Hard fighting seems lost—for our *Admirals* say,
 The Enemy always *manœuvre* away.

Through life thus by *Actions*, 'tis clearly display'd,
 That War, like Religion, is too much a *Trade*;
 And our Chiefs, like the Clergy, so easy are grown,
 The more they are paid, the less business is done.

When the *Budget-scene* opens, in haste to subscribe,
 Away run the sordid of every tribe;
 For the *Patriot* themselves, like the greedy *State-quacks*,
 Of the Spoil thus devour'd, very fain would go snacks.

In this *Trade*, like others, 'tis Int'rest that sways,
 And happy the man who the PREMIER can please:
 From *Lucre* there's nothing the mind can controul;
 'Tis Int'rest, self-int'rest, that governs the whole.

The INS and OUTS: or, the STATE JOCKIES.

Tune---Cæsar and Pompey were both of them horned.

WHAT a noise has there been, what a confounded
 pothor,

About the State Jockies, who jockey each other;
 The *In* and *Out* bustle of state a mere race is,
 Where all, jockey-like, whip to get the best places;
 And he that is foil'd in his aim does harangue, Sir,
 And says all before him in justice should hang, Sir.

The hindmost condemns what the foremost is doing,
 And cause for complaining pretends to be shewing;

Yet,

Yet, twenty to one, was he in the same place, Sir,
 With him that complains, 'twould be just the same case, Sir;
 'Tis all rant and rattle—and those who remark it,
 Will find as much jockeying at Court as Newmarket.

There is not a Statesman amongst all the band, Sir,
 But says that he acts for the good of the land, Sir;
 Yet plain is it seen, that some patriot pretenders,
 Who call themselves Liberty's glorious defenders,
 Do talk, and talk only---for faith the main plan, Sir,
 Is to put in their pockets as much as they can, Sir.

Such plausible guardians our trust we repose in,
 Who tell us fine stories before they are chosen;
 They fawn on the ign'rant, and gull the unthinking,
 And come o'er the blind side of those who love drinking;
 Then after they've purchas'd us, this is the case, Sir,
 They sell us again, on a seven years lease, Sir.

When the *Premier* was routed, for blindly pursuing
 Those measures which tended to England's undoing;
 When fairly convinc'd that we could not be worsted,
 By parting with those, who had too long been trusted;
 The *Outs* and their *agents* in office were seated,
 Our fancies were pleas'd, but our hopes soon defeated.

At ROCKINGHAM's death, which the land much affected,
 Fresh scenes of confusion broke out unexpected;
 For soon as the Fates to the shades had decreed him,
 The bone of contention---was who should succeed him;
 And patriots, who cannot their jealousies smother,
 Their union dissolve, and abuse one another.

Since *Christians* there are, who for power will rush at,
 Those things which a *Turk*, or a *Pagan* would blush at,
 Ye friends to fair commerce, make no hesitation,
 With spirit pursue the grand work Reformation;
 The cause of your country, like birds of a feather,
 Make one common int'rest---and all pull together.

In Freedom's fair cause, then, ye souls that are hearty,
 Away with the idle distinction of party;
 Redress to obtain, and on slavery to trample,
 Look, look at Hibernia, and catch the example:
 Rouze, rouze, then ye Britons, be bold and united,
 By arming alone can you get yourselves righted.

CAPTAIN CARVER'S MILITIA.

TO ARMS, to ARMS, hark! hark the DRUM,
 How cheerfully it beats, come, come,
 In times like these to keep at home,
 As BRITONS, would degrade us;
 Come every jolly heart of gold,
 Be active, zealous, stout, and bold,
 And let our enemies be told,
 We dare 'em to invade us.

Amongst a band so brave and free,
 Led on by him we fondly see,
 Who, GRANBY like, cries, "follow me,"
 There can be no repining;
 The duty nothing can retard,
 And he may think his fortune hard,
 Who by the *Standard* is debarr'd,
 The noble *Corps* from joining.

In *Fifty-nine*, a year we prize,
 The new-raised, brave MILITIA Boys,
 Went thro' their manual exercise,
 With spirit and decorum;
 Their efforts were with glory crown'd,
 For whilst they guarded British ground,
 Our veteran *Troops* the world went round,
 And conquer'd all before 'em.

See FREEDOM'S BANNER pois'd in air,
 With ardour to the FLAG repair,
 A while leave each domestic care,
 And shew an English spirit :
 Our *Country's* love shall be our aim---
 By gaining that, we justly claim,
 The greatest honour, brightest fame,
 A *Britain* can inherit.

So much his troops his presence cheers,
 When CARVER at the head appears,
 No lad but in his bosom wears,
 A heart with glory fir'd :
 Obedient to his generous call,
 We'll boldly follow, one and all,
 Return with joy, or bravely fall,
 What more can be requir'd ?

The OLD KING's GHOST.

Tune--- Teague's Ramble to London.

THE clock had struck twelve, old Morpheus's hour,
 Who half the globe over assumes his dark power;
 All dismal and gloomy the Heavens appear'd,
 And nothing but howling of Curs was there heard;
 When lo! on a sudden, across Palace-yard,
 A SPECTRE, that terribly frighten'd the Guard,
 Advanc'd within reach of his Majesty's ear,
 Who was wak'd from a dream that his Grandfire was near.

Start not that I come, for my Bones could not lie,
 At rest when the groans of the Land pierce the sky !
 To warn you those infamous people to shun,
 Who near to destruction the Kingdom have run ;
 ENGLAND never appear'd with a Monarch more blest,
 Than when in my Grave I was first laid to rest ;
 But O, what a horrible change has took place,
 To the shame of the Crown, and the Nation's disgrace.

At Council-board why did you cause to appear,
 The Man whom you knew I forbid to come there?
 Why remov'd were my old steady friends from the helm,
 For those who the Country with Troubles o'erwhelm?
 No more by false hopes be delusively fed,
 By wicked advice be no longer misled;
 Let the voice of the people your notice excite,
 And make their affection your princely delight.

At those have your Ministers levell'd their spleen,
 Whose Commerce to cherish their plan should have been;
 To CHATHAM's advice had they paid due regard,
 The FRENCH to insult you would never have dar'd;
 Neutral powers combining no good aspect wears,
 Your Islands are falling, your Merchants in tears;
 Humanity bleeds at the tales that are told,
 Or I from the Shades in this form had not stroll'd.

From Council that taught you to tread on false ground,
 The vitals of ENGLAND receiv'd a deep wound;
 Reflect on the War, think what lives it has cost,
 Your Empire dismember'd---AMERICA lost!
 Could nothing suffice but a slavish submission,
 The creed which had birth in a Scotch Inquisition?
 A much injur'd Land loudly calls for redress---
 Retract, or by Heavens you'll never have peace.

No Damage occur'd, tho' tremendous the fight,
 Assur'd things would alter, the Ghost took its flight.
 What impression this visit has had on his mind,
 By the change that has happen'd is clearly defin'd.
 Then sadness begone, let us wish (nor in vain)
 That Commerce may find her old channel again;
 Hope flatters each bosom---Peace flutters her wing---
 Success to OLD ENGLAND, and long live the KING.

The GEORGES: or, LORD SACKVILLE'S
PROMOTION.

Tune---Push about the Jorum.

OF great and glorious Names to speak,
Since *Fame* the subject urges
In fighting times, a pride I take,
To sing about the GEORGES;
For GORDON GEORGE, whose life was spar'd,
The Mob may rant and tear O,
He's nothing in the scale compar'd
To GEORGE, the *Minden Hero*.

When Statesmen, of unsullied fame,
With honours were invested,
By Britons never was a name,
Than SACKVILLE more detested:
But now, to *England's* mighty boast,
So much revers'd the case is,
The very MAN is honor'd most
Who most the *Crown* disgraces.

Alive had brave DUKE WILLIAM been,
He like OLD GEORGE, when fretted,
His *Hat* would kick about, to've seen,
This noble Deed *gazetted*:
The public Prints his fame shall spread,
And make the world acquainted,
That GEORGE GERMAIN a *Peer* is made,
By GEORGE, the *Lord's Anointed*.

GEORGE BRYDGES RODNEY, Fortune's son,
Of property *tenacious*,
Amongst the many wonders done,
He conquer'd *St. Eustatius*:
The *Auction* o'er, the British DON,
Behind him left a *Noodle*,
Who lost the place, whilst he and VAUGHAN
Were singing *Yankee Doodle*.

PAUL JONES may well prick up his ears,
 For so it is reported ;
 He'll rank amongst the new made *Pears*,
 The moment he's converted :
 And when *America's* retook,
 And GEORGE for joy gets *groggy*,
 One ARNOLD shall be made a *Duke*,
 The *Duke of Saratoga*.

The surly Sons of Britain's isle,
 May ridicule the matter,
 I'll lay my life, 'twill make 'em smile,
 On t'other side the water :
 " Then shout, my boys, at GEORGE's name,
 " And drink his health till mellow ;
 " Old TIME may travel till he's lame,
 " Before he finds his fellow."

On the PROSPECT of PEACE.

*Tune---*Now's the Time for Mirth and Glee.

NOW away with pining care,
 Sons of Trade for mirth prepare ;
 Pleasing sounds of PEACE repeating,
 Make each heart with raptures beating ;
 WAR has been severely felt,
 Blood sufficient has been spilt.

Joy is thro' the kingdom spread,
 Commerce rears her drooping head ;
 Merchants, tradesmen, farmers, factors,—
 All but greedy *State Contractors*,
 Soon in chearful strains shall sing,
 Welcome PEACE, and welcome SPRING.

Whilst her blessings health imparts,
 Hear the music of the ARTS,

Harmony that never ceases,
Lathes and hammers, stamps and presses,
All their various powers display,
Concert joining through the day.

Builders now your plans extend,
'To your projects there's no end ;
Since your calls for business doubles,
Rear up Mansions fit for NOBLES :
BIRMINGHAM's immense increase,
Best shall tell the FRUITS of PEACE.

CORRUPTION DEFEATED: or the PRE- MIER ROUTED.

Tune--- Give round the Word, dismount, dismount.

GIVE round the word, resign, resign,
Whilst fresh appointments are arrang'd ;
What heart to joy but must incline,
To see the gloomy prospect chang'd.

CHORUS.

In justice to an injur'd land,
Of Senators a worthy band,
Resolv'd to stem *Corruption's* tide ;
And all as zealous did appear,
As tho' a CHATHAM had been there,
With a TEMPLE by his Side.

By insults were the people rous'd,
Repeated wrongs the land incens'd ;
The public trust has been abus'd,
The *Augean* stable must be cleans'd.
*Chorus--*In justice, &c.

A generous flame diffuses round,
And statesmen brightest powers employ ;
Throughout

Throughout the kingdom, hark! the sound,
 "Reform, reform, is all the cry."

Chorus---In justice, &c.

To glorious deeds the land awakes,
 And Truth resumes her genuine sway;
 Her ancient seat fair Freedom takes,
 And Commerce gladly hails the day.

Chorus---In justice, &c.

Decisive measures must ensue;
 And waft, ye winds, with speed afar,
 What British Councils have in view,
 A speedy peace, or glorious war.

C H O R U S.

'Twas nobly done—the *Patriot* band,
 In justice to an injur'd land,
 Resolv'd to stem *Corruption's* tide;
 And all as zealous did appear,
 As though a CHATHAM had been there,
 With a TEMPLE by his side.

The NEW ADMINISTRATION. in 1783.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs!

LONG had the vessel of the state,
 Experienc'd hard uncommon fate;
 Toss'd till her head above the deep
 She found it difficult to keep;
 Drove to distress,
 Fears to suppress,
 The misled Chief, of danger thinking,
 Calls out to those,
 He once thought foes,
 To come and save the ship from sinking.

In this distracted point of view,
 What could, alas! BRITANNIA do?

Necessity

Necessity alone commands,
 A speedy thorough change of hands :
 Old as she's worn,
 Tatter'd and torn,
 Steer'd by a RODNEY, HOWE, or PIGOT,
 Piloted right,
 She'll go as tight,
 As any *copper-bottom'd Frigate*.
 By noble SURREY when made known,
 A killing question would come on ;
 The *Premier*, seeing danger nigh,
 Adjourn, adjourn, was heard to cry :
 Never did change,
 Appear more strange,
 Corruption knows not how to brook it ;
 The *Treasury Board*
 Has lost its *Lord*,
 Shrunk from the *Bench*, and dead for a ducat.
 SHELBURNE does now the rudder guide,
 And with him at the helm preside,
 THURLOW and TOWNSEND, CAMDEN, PITT,
 And others for the business fit ;
 CONWAY commands
 The veteran bands,
 The great guns RICHMOND keeps in order ;
 These in the van,
 The *Ship* to man,
 Not all the powers on earth can board her.
 SANDWICH, to England's blessed joy,
 No longer does the *trident* ply ;
 The God of waves on Britain's isle,
 Again will soon begin to smile ;
 Courage, my Boys,
 Commerce will rise,
 Hark ! through the land what acclamation ;
 Vallies around,
 The joy resound,
 Success to the *New Administration* !

The COTTAGER's COMPLAINT, on the intended BILL for enclosing SUTTON-COLDFIELD.

Tune---Oh the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom.

HOW sweetly did the moments glide,
 How happy were the days !
 When no sad fear my breast annoy'd,
 Or e'er disturb'd my ease;
 Hard fate ! that I should be compell'd,
 My fond abode to lose,
 Where threescore years in peace I've dwell'd,
 And with my life to close.

C H O R U S.

Oh the *time* ! the happy, happy *time*,
 Which in my *cot* I've spent ;
 I wish the *Church-yard* was his doom,
 Who murders my content.

My *Ewes* are few, my *Stock* is small,
 Yet from my little store,
 I find enough for Nature's call,
 Nor would I ask for more !
 That word, ENCLOSURE ! to my heart,
 Such evil doth bespeak,
 I fear I with my *ALL* must part,
 And fresh employment seek.

Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What little of the spacious plain,
 Should power to me consign,
 For want of means, I can't obtain,
 Would not long time be mine :
 The *Stout* may combat fortune's frowns,
 Nor dread the rich and great ;
 The *Young* may fly to market-towns,
 But where can I retreat ?

Chorus---Oh the time, &c.

What

What kind of feelings must that man,
 Within his mind possess,
 Who, from an avaricious plan,
 His neighbours would distress?
 Then soon, in pity to my case,
 To Reason's ear incline;
 For on his *Heart* it stamps disgrace,
 Who form'd the base design.

CHORUS.

Oh the *time*! the happy, happy *time*,
 Which in my *cot* I've spent;
 I wish the *Church-yard* was his doom,
 Who murders my content.

The DUDLEY RIOT.

Tune--- 'Twas in the Land of Cyder.

'T WAS at a place call'd DUDLEY,
 Where Rusticks love to revel;
 And the daring throng,
 With bludgeons strong,
 Bring all things to a level.

These ranting *Desperadoes*,
 Were resolv'd to beat a *Parley*;
 For nothing sure,
 Could disturb 'em more,
 Than the sudden rise of BARLEY.

If the prices were not lower'd,
 They swore by the God of Thunder!
 They'd fire the *Town*,
 Pull the *Castle* down,
 And all the Country plunder.

When

When **COLLIERS** turn *Corn-factors*,
 This, this is their mode of arguing:
 " Five Shillings per strike,
 " Come, take what you like,
 " The bags we throw into the bargain."

Howe'er the world may take it,
 This *downright* way of dealing,
 Must the *Farmers* sting,
 And the *Maltsters* bring
 To a proper sense of feeling.

Ye *Landlords*, on your guard be,
 With you should they push their quarrels,
 Your *Cellars* they'll rake.
 And *Foot-balls* make
 Of all your *Small beer barrels*.

Ye *Mealmen*, mark the caution,
 Since you can't withstand their power;
 When the **DUDLEY BOYS**,
 Begin to rise,
 Your markets begin to lower.

The *Maltsters* they no more value,
 Than so many *Bottle-stoppers*;
 When they once set on,
 With their *Mills* they'll down,
 And a bonfire make of their *Hoppers*.

As once upon a time, Sir*,
 At the *joke* have many wonder'd,
 Two *Rioters* came,
 To *Birmingham*,
 And in open day-light plunder'd.

* On Michaelmas Fair-Day, 1766, one Man and a Woman went into many of the Grocers shops, and sold cheese, bacon, &c. to the populace at what terms they thought proper, and escaped being brought to justice.

Should

Should any ask the reason,
 Why the *Town* did not oppose 'em?
 'Twas when her *Sons*,
 Made *Swords* and *Guns*,
 But knew not how to use 'em.

Tho' *COLLIERS* shouts tremendous,
 To some may be alarming;
 Away with despair,
 There's nothing to fear,
 For the *BIRMINGHAM YOUTH* are arming.

And about these *Regulators*,
 Such, such is the talk of the taverns,
 When our *VOLUNTEERS*,
 Have pepper'd their ears,
 They'll scamper away to their caverns,
 But as good luck would have it,
 No *POWDER* was expended;
 So a trip they took,
 O'er *Hockley Brook*,
 And thus the *RIOT* ended.

The COLLIERS MARCH.

Tune---The Staffordshire Fox-chace.

BRITONS for news upon tip-toe were got,
 Longing to hear from *OLD GIB*—or what not;
 The summer was over, the season unkind,
 In *harvest a snow* how uncommon to find;
 The times were oppressive,—and well be it known,
 Hunger will strongest of fences break down;
 'Twas then from their cells the *black gentry* slept out,
 With bludgeons, determin'd to stir up a rout.

The Prince of the party, who revel'd from home,
 Was a terrible fellow, and call'd *IRISH TOM*;

He

He brandish'd his bludgeon with dexterous skill,
 And close to his elbow was plac'd BARLEY WILL;
 Instantly follow'd a numerous train,
 Cheerful as bold *Robin Hood's* merry men;
 Sworn to remedy a capital fault,
 And bring down th' exorbitant price of the MALT.

From *Dudley* to *Walsall* they trip it along,
 And ' *Hampton* was truly alarm'd at the throng;
 Women and children, wherever they go,
 Shouting out, "*O the brave Dudley Boys O!*"
 Nailors and spinners, the cavalcade join,
 The markets to lower their flatt'ring design;
 Regulation of Consciences holding in view,---
 But MALTSTERS with *Conscience* have nothing to do.

Six days out of seven poor nailing boys get,
 Little else at their meals but potatoes to eat;
 For bread hard they labour, good things never carve,
 And swore, 'twere as well to be hang'd as to starve:
 Such are the feelings in every land,
 Nothing Necessity's call can withstand;
 And RIOTS are certain to fadden the year,
 When *Six-penny Loaves* but *Three-pounders* appear.

NAVIGATION CONTEST.

Tune---Come ye party jangling swains.

NAVIGATORS, haste, away,
 Mark the grand, th' important day;
 Since the business doth remain,
 To be settled this *Campaign*,
 Let which will of Loss despair,
 Sure to win the Lawyers are.

Navigation-Bills create,
 Strange confusion, strange debate;

G

Public

Public good, the stale pretence,
Mockery is to common sense;
With the OLD, and with the NEW,
Lucre is the only view.

Thro' the chequer'd, fleeting year,
Toil and trouble, hope and fear,
Make the spirits ebb and flow,
Sometimes chearful, sometimes low;
Ever craving is the mind,
True content but few can find.

When the busy time's at hand,
Mark the speculative band,
Never on the turf were seen,
Hearts for sporting, half so keen;
All is envy, noise, and rage---
'Tis a wrangling, gambling age.

Thus as *Fortune's wheel* goes round,
Smiles and frowns by turns abound;
Time's accounts to sum up all,
BEGGARS rise, and BANKERS fall;
Ups and downs we daily see,
Life is all a Lottery.

NED DENNIS; commonly called, JACK
KETCK.

Tune--- Moggy Lauder.

WHATE'ER in justice may be said,
Of every mischief aider,
NED DENNIS was as tight a lad,
As ever stept a ladder;
To make trade brisk, his life he'd risk,
And thoughts of danger scorning,
Would tell with glee, how many he,
Had strangled in a morning.

But

But few like him a noose could draw,
 'Twas practice made him clever;
 And strictly to enforce the law,
 Us'd every endeavour:
 For int'rest sake, at *Tyburn-wake*,
 Good sport was wont to nourish;
 For proud was he, no doubt, to see
 His business finely flourish.

When LONDON in a blaze was seen,
 It happen'd his misfortune,
 To mix among, a daring throng,
 Which made his danger certain:
 A harder case, sure never was,
 For when the Mob discern'd him,
 They made him lend, a lifting hand,
 Or otherwise they'd burn'd him.

So useful in his line of life,
 And tender in his dealings,
 What pity 'twere the world should lose,
 A man of such *nice feelings*!
 The *Hanging-trade*, since *cords* were made,
 Sure never went on faster;
 To crown the plan, *Jack's Journeyman*,
 Begs leave to hang his *Master*.

Condemn'd he was and lost his place,
 Which worst of all things griev'd him;
 Yet soon he made (at COURT, 'tis said)
 That int'rest which repriev'd him:
 His fears have ceas'd, his mind's appeas'd,
 The rogue the world has cheated;
 Contracts for *Ropes*, and lives in hopes,
 Of being reinstated.

When deadly Riots shock the *State*,
 RELIGION's made the subject;
 "No *Popery*!" was the luring bait,
 But *Plunder* was the object:

Jews, jilts, footpads, and 'prentice lads,
 A glorious combination !
 Pull *Chapels* down, and fire the *Town*,
 To cry up REFORMATION.

LORD G. GORDON's PROCESSION.

*Tune---*The Black Joke.

OLD ENGLAND, alas! what is come to thy sons,
 Such rioting over the *Capital* runs,
 As never was seen in the kingdom before ;
 A strange set of beings as ever were found,
 Or known to assemble on fair English ground,
 All zealously bent, in a body rush on,
 To make at *St. Stephen's* their grievances known,
 Concerning the progress of *Babylon's Whore*.

From the Fields of *St. George*, when speaking, at least,
 To see Fifty Thousand march just six a-breast,
 The city might well in confusion be thrown ;
Cockades of *True Blue* never more were display'd,
 And to grace the procession, the *Bagpipes* were play'd ;
 A mixture more curious did never appear,
 LORD GEORGE in the van, and JACK KETCH in the rear,
 Crying, Down, down, with *Papery* down !

As the *PEERS* were assembling this *Riot* begins,
 Without blushing they broke the *Lord President's* skins,
 And the *Bishops* silk robes were shamefully tore ;
 From *Parliament Wigs* clouds of powder flew out,
 For bags, and full bottoms, were bandied about,
 And GERMAIN very fain would have mended his pace,
 When a full pot of *Porter* came dash in his face,
 Who never but ONCE was so frightened before.

But, heaven be prais'd, the disturbance is o'er,
 LORD GEORGE safe and snug, is lodg'd in the *Tower*,
 Long waiting for Justice to settle the case :

From

From hence over *Britain* may harmony reign,
 And *London* the like ne'er experience again;
 When warring abroad, and divisions at home,
 By beating *Religion's* fanatical drum,
 On the kingdom has brought the greatest disgrace.

The STREAM of CORRUPTION.

Tune---Cassini.

MY song is of *Corruption's Stream*,
 Ye *Courtiers* all applaud the theme;
 For 'tis the swelling tide that's known,
 To bear all *Opposition* down:
 Its mighty powers can wonders do;
 And this we by experience know,
 That few the *Torrent* ever sought,
 But what would wish to mend their draught.

A trusty servant; nobly bred,
 Is seated at the fountain head,
 Who plies the grand *specific* more,
 Than mortal ever did before;
 To those dispos'd his plan t'obey,
 So kind his looks, they seem to say,
 "All of the *Stream* shall have their fill,
 "Who bend obsequious to my will."

Close by him sits a jolly blade,
 Who not a rush cares what is said;
 Who by degrees from sipping came,
 To dip the deepest in the stream:
 Tho' six score pounds, at least, a day,
 His profits run, what harm to say,
 If *ten times* more, he'd on it fall,
 And rapidly devour it all.

How happy at the Navy Board,
 Sits down her first high-honoured Lord!

The wat'ry God, who scorns to own,
 A *land-bred Admiral* for his Son,
 Since that confirm'd ill-fated hour,
 Which brought a *SANDWICH* into power,
 On *BRITAIN*, once his favourite isle,
 Has seldom deign'd to cast a smile.

The worst of subjects those we'll deem,
 Who aim to stop or check the *Stream*;
PROTESTERS come, and join with me,
 Disdain'd be all œconomy:
 In vain shall Senators debate,
 Whilst *Folly* guides the helm of state,
 And *Loans* and *Lotteries* swell the tide,
 The *Stream* shall never cease to glide.

The STAFFORDSHIRE FOX-CHACE.

IN seventeen hundred and seventy-nine,
 The season appearing remarkable fine,
 For sport being bent, on the eighth day of *March*;
 At day break we rose, and of game went in search:
 Over their bowls other sportsmen may boast,
 What dangers they've brav'd, what rivers have crost;
 With us, I'll maintain it, whoever had been,
 Would have sworn, better running there never was seen.

We rode to Birch Coppice, and threw off at six,
 And soon on their prey did our nimble pack fix;
 Then making for Bentley, the jolly brisk train,
 Got sight of another, and at it again:
 Such was the music, 'twould do the heart good,
 To hear how it echo'd thro' Kingsbury-Wood;
 True-hearted *Sportsmen* contending for fame,
 In the fleet pursuit of the noblest of game.

From Drayton to Bangle, he scours it away,
 Nor Brockas, nor Weeford, his courage can stay;

With

With vigour we follow thro' various ways,
 Pursue him to Stonnall, and dance to the Hayes :
 Hilton and Will'nhall were rous'd at the charm,
 And 'Hampton immediately caught the alarm,
 Where artists ran out of their shops, to embrace,
 A peep at so hard and uncommon a chace.

The sweet woods of Tett'nall, and Haughton's high ground,
 In concert re-echo'd the joy-giving sound ;
 But foil'd in his doubling, and jaded with strife,
 Near Penn the intruder surrender'd his life :
 Thrice in the circle he took to the stream,
 Twice over the New Cut, and once o'er the Team ;
 Stout were our steeds, but so spent in their breath,
 Not five out of fifty were in at the death.

We boldly pursu'd seven hours or more,
 The miles that we ran, little short of fourscore ;
 Horses and Hounds, so exerted their powers,
 The *Chace of Killruddy* was nothing to ours :
 Dear for the pleasure has some of us paid * ;
 The loss is dispens'd with, in having it said,
 Long as there's *Fox-hunting* seen in the land,
 Recorded this CHACE shall at FISHERWICK stand.

The VOLUNTEER's ROUSE, on the call
 for arming.

Tune—Hark the echoing Horn.

HARK to liberty's call—how it echoes around,
 To arms ye bold Britons with speed ;
 With courage unitedly cherish the sound,
 To EXERCISE quickly proceed :
 Your much injured kingdom calls loudly for aid,
 Surrounded by numerous foes ;

* Being the death of several Horses.

When

When danger is near, be the Summons obey'd,
A sin 'twere a moment to lose.

With heart and with hand in the cause we'll unite,
Britannia applauds the design;
We've long been oppress'd, and to do ourselves right,
Together must freely combine:
'Tis liberty's call—can a Britain refrain,
His generous assistance to lend;
Our country commands, and our utmost we'll strain,
So glorious a cause to defend.

With envious distinction---of party away,
And all be united and free;
Than who should seem foremost his zeal to display,
Let no other strife ever be:
The SONS of HIBERNIA to danger awake,
Redress by such means did insure;
Pursue the example, ye BRITONS, and make
Your liberties ever secure.

CHORUS---*Tune, The Belle Isle March.*

Then quickly away,
Manly zeal to display,
Haste, haste, where the standard of Freedom appears;
In defence of your land
Join the free martial band,
'Tis an honour to rank with the brave Volunteers.

The GOLD COIN ACT.

Tune--- That miracles never will cease.

IN country, as well as in town,
Are mortals in mischief combining;
The talk, from the peer to the clown,
Is now about clipping and coining.

Time

Time was, in relating to GOLD,
 All eagerly strove to embrace it;
 But now we're sufficiently told,
 The most difficult thing is to pass it.

The poor man who works all the week,
 Half a guinea for wages is paid,
 With which, his provision to seek,
 The market is quickly survey'd:
 The butcher won't part with a joint,
 If his cash is deficient in weight;
 The baker maintains the same point,
 So the man can get nothing to eat.

To a chandler's shop I repair'd,
 A rasher of bacon to get;
 But soon as the scales were uprear'd,
 To see if my piece was full weight:
 Cry'd the youth it deficient appears,
 There need nothing more to be said,
 Then instantly took up the sheers,
 And snapt through his Majesty's head.

Not us'd to such insolent airs,
 It could not but strike me with wonder:
 But, faith, I laid hold of the sheers,
 And snapt his fore-finger asunder.---
 At giving the youth such a *singer*,
 I ran off as fast as I could;
 So he lost the end of his finger,
 And I ev'ry bit of my Gold.

The man by his labour that lives,
 In his station is happier far,
 Than he who his thousands receives,
 And struts in his garter and star.
 From Gold care continually flows,
 The proverb's been prov'd to a tittle;
 Then, boys, let us drink to all those,
 Whose hearts are content with a little.

TUTANIA

TUTANIA BUCKLES.

*Tune—*Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses.

DISREGARDING wind or weather,
 If dispos'd for social mirth,
 SONS of TRADE, when met together,
 Are the happiest souls on earth.
 By mechanical invention,
 Many wonders have been wrought;
 But the BUCKLE BRANCH to mention,
 Far out-stretches common thought.
 Constantly as PATTERNS vary,
 Happy he who well can scheme,
 Plan, project, strike out and carry
 FASHION to the full extreme.
 SQUARE made, as a pane of glass is,
 And as large was once the call:
 Now the OVAL that displaces;
 Forms will change---for Fancy's all.
 Some for PINCHBECK, some for PLATED,
 Some for SOFT WHITE, some for HARD;
 Every one is over-rated,
 With TUTANIA when compared,
 But of all the starts of fancy,
 Round and sound heads to equip,
 Mortal sure no droller can see,
 Than what does the *Brain-pan* clip.
 Slouch your beavers, cut the looping,
 Fondness shew for novelty;
 Heads who stand in need of hooping,
 To their minds may suited be.
 BUCKLES fashion'd are by many,
 Song composing rests with few;
 Nature has a Genius stamp't him,
 That compleatly both can do.
 All to one good soul must truckle;
 He that does the rest eclipse,
 Makes a SONG, and forms a BUCKLE,
 Whilst a PIPE's between his LIPS.

Now farewell to vain disputing,
Of the Evening make the most;
FRIENDSHIP, FREEDOM, TRADE, and TUTIN*,
ROUND the BOARD shall be the TOAST.

The CONTEST.

Tune—Push about the brisk Bowl.

WHEN luxury reign'd, and *court panders* obtain'd,
Rewards for no services done;
Hopes of still greater sway, caus'd a FATHER to lay
An extra demand on his SON.

Such a plan to uphold, he by many was told,
Would soon his own fortune impair;
Britannia in Tears, whisper'd this in his ears,
Yet all could not make him forbear.

After words had arose, he proceeded to blows,
And being with power replete,
Made oath to his friends, that he'd never shake hands,
Till the YOUTH was laid down at his feet.

The GALLIC COCK crew, when his sabre he drew,
And, anxious to cherish the fire,
At their wounds and their stings, kept clapping his wings,
Better pastime he could not desire.

This treacherous foe, to give a bye blow,
Will all opportunities take;
Time has been that MONSIEUR, would have trembled
with fear,
If the LION his mane did but shake.

Savage Monsters let loose, did their scalping knives use,
The *Indians* their *tomabawks* threw;

* The manufacturer of the metal called TUTANIA—a friendly, cheerful companion, and exceedingly fond of a pipe.

Every

Every effort was try'd, *German Butchers* employ'd,
Yet nothing the business would do.

After millions expended, and no good intended,
Oh! think how it humbled their pride;
When touch'd to the quick, his Advisers turn'd sick,
Chang'd colour, recanted, and cry'd.

False friends by his side, the *STATE RUDDER* to guide,
Are dangerous leaders to trust;
Yet strange as it seems, he those best esteems,
Who his property injure the most.

Few minds, 'tis well known, to maturity grown,
Imperious commands can endure;
And terms better made, might the *PARENT* have had,
Than conquest can ever ensure.

Then come, smiling *PEACE*, cause discord to cease,
And all be united and free;
Thy welcome approach, is solicited much,
Grant soon we the blessing may see.

The Threescore JOLLY ANGLERS.

COME rouze, brother sportsmen, the clock has struck
four,

Let your tackle be stout, see of baits that you've store;
Worms, maggots, or flies, as the season turns out,
To tempt, and to capture, pike, perch, carp or trout.

From Hockley we down to the Furnace-pool strole,
At Benson's, or p'rhaps at the Slitting-mill troll;
The lakes having scour'd, if indiff'rent our luck,
We quit the Broadwaters, and haste to the Brook.

*Tune---*The Dusky Morn.

The morn is fair---serene the air,
The fields around look gay;
South-west the wind---the fish you'll find,
Will freely bite to day.

Chorus---And a fishing we will go.

O'er hedge and ditch whilst huntsmen bound,
Alare, Alare, they call;
The peaceful Angler steps the ground,
As soft as foot can fall.

And a fishing we will go.

Eight pounds a fish we pike ensnare,
Tho' sometimes break our twine;
Then think on such delicious fare,
How gloriously we dine.

And a fishing we will go.

*Tune---*Cassini.

But though the river has its charms,
As now the country calls to arms,
When threaten'd by surrounding foes,
Their hostile measures to oppose;
What honour would the town obtain,
If threescore jolly fishermen*,
In one accord with vigour rise,
To learn their manual exercise.

Now should the foe attempt to land,
Obedient to the king's command,
When brandishing our rods of steel,
The enemy hard blows shall feel;
To get redress for public ills,
We'll bang the French about the Gills,
The Dutch shall in their backs be spear'd,
And with our hooks the Dons we'll beard.

When drums in ev'ry lane and street,
The Jolly Anglers' March shall beat,

* Threescore persons subscribe each One Guinea per year for the privilege of angling in a certain district.

Fam'd Nimrod's sons, and Bowlers too,
 With envy shall the warriors view;
 ---Singing, as their lines advance---
 " Charge the musquet, point the lance;"
 To crown the plan, let England see,
 That fishermen are bold and free.

Then come ye anglers every one,
 That able is to bear a gun,
 And can the martial art acquire,
 To shoulder, charge, present and fire;
 With manly hearts from town we'll go,
 Defend ourselves, support the plough,
 Maintain our charter'd rights, and free
 From poachers keep our FISHERY.

The B U D G E T.

Tune---Shawnbree.

THE BUDGET's disclos'd---fresh Taxes impos'd,
 The more to promote Emigration;
 But believe me, good friend, tho' the War's at an end,
 No end can be had to Taxation:
 The COACH-MASTERS feel, a fresh clog on the wheel,
 The DRIVERS (in vain tho' to ask it)
 Wish for no better fun, than to SCOTLAND to run,
 With Lord NORTH and CHARLES FOX in the basket.

Our new State-Physicians, profound Politicians,
 No time in prescribing have wasted;
 Deans, Bishops, and Proctors, as well as Quack Doctors,
 I think of their Pills should have tasted;
 Poor Commerce, hard fate, the Pack-horse of State,
 Every year still the slower is jogging,
 A Paper-tax'd slip, is the Parliament Whip,
 And Trade they are constantly flogging.

Inland

Inland Bills we shall see, to a greater degree,
 With Government Figures embellish'd ;
 And a Two penny stroke on Receipts is a joke,
 That will not be very well relish'd ;
 But of those, could the whole, their Receipts have in full,
 Who the land have most shamefully treated,
 The Tower-hill stamp, all their fury would damp
 And the GEN'RAL REFORM be completed.

CHARLES TOWN BAR: or the Cabinet
 Council's Lamentation.

A S O N G.

Tune--- The Sun was in the Firmament.

WHEN vile mishaps had judg'd it fit,
 To hold a Consultation,
 To Council Board in haste were call'd,
 The WISE HEADS of the Nation ;
 Away from KEW the Monarch flew,
 With Visage wonderous pale Sir,
 For 'twas aver'd, he just had heard,
 A much displeasing Tale, Sir.

A packet from AMERICA,
 Demanded much Attention,
 Nor wonder if the sad Contents,
 Should bring on sore Dissension ;
 For SANDWICH when the News transpir'd,
 No sonnet hum'd nor vapour'd ;
 But felt the Touch, when told how much,
 Sir PETER had been pepper'd.

Sure never since the Days of BYNG,
 Did British Ships of War, Sir,
 In any Enterprize so fail,
 Like those of CHARLES TOWN Bar, Sir,

H 2

Tho'

Tho' near the Shore, twelve Days or more,
 Consulting on the Matter;
 The Case how sad, the PILOTS had,
 Forgot to plumb the Water.

A FORD in depth two Yards was found,
 Instead of Eighteen Inches;
 But 'mongst the British Tars think not,
 True Courage ever flinches;
 They stood the Shot, when Balls red hot,
 Their Quarter Decks were sweeping;
 Whilst CLINTON's Troops could only at,
 The Bloody scene stand peeping.

Thus whilst our mighty Counsellors,
 Were looking out for wonders!
 Their calm retirements were disturb'd,
 By unexpected Blunders;
 A sudden rout of course fell out,
 Among these leading grand Men,
 For some I trust, the PILOTS curst,
 Whilst others damn'd the LANDMEN.

The PREMIER like a NABOB rav'd,
 Who'd lost his cause at HINDON!
 And Lord GERMAIN as speechless stood,
 As on the plains of MINDEN!
 Old MANSFIELD shook his hoary head,
 And thus began to utter,
 Should not the HOWES, our minds compose,
 I fear our Heads will totter.

Address of Condolance to his MAJESTY on the
 Death of the PRINCESS AMELIA.

WITH the King for the Loss of his Aunt to condole,
 (For Grief that is cruel will pierce to the soul)
 Lord C-m--n, rose up, and beg'd leave to express,
 This Natural Loss in a loyal Address.

On

On the Treasury Bench upon many affairs,
 'Tis common to drop a few crocodile tears ;
 Matthew M-nt-—e doubtless a good subject reckon'd,
 Could do nothing less than this grand motion second.

The whole of this mighty great loss—be it said,
 To sum up would puzzle the Ministers head ;
 Of illustrious virtues 'tis noble to speak,
 And for large sums receiv'd compensation to make.

On his Majesty's Speech as 'twas always the case,
 Tho' Echo, sweet Echo is sure to take place,
 Peg NICHOLSON's farce much pallaver brought on,
 But none half so fulsome as this reach'd the Throne.

One would think when the general Mourning was o'er,
 Not a Soul would have meant to condole any more ;
 For this amiable DAME, to her *praise* be it told,
 Left ENGLAND her BONES and HESSE CASSEL her GOLD.

STATE TRIAL.

Tune—Myself betwixt Bacchus, &c.

THE Trial's begun, and I'll venture to say,
 Of pounds since the Cost is three hundred per day,
 The Cash they who pocket admire it so well,
 That when it will finish no Mortal can tell.

The World to convince that of Words he has store,
 One Speaks for the space of five hours or more ;
 As long as he likes let the Senator prate,
 Tho' brilliant the Language, long Sermons I hate.

When Sheridan speaks keen attention he draws,
 And doubtless his speaking must merit applause ;
 But Merit to Victory is no certain guide,
 The Chapter of Numbers the point must decide.

John Bull at the bustle begins to look sour,
 The Limbs of the Law would his Vitals devour ;
 Concerning the Begums tho' little he knows,
 He feels it his int'rest the Business to close.

In future---I speak as an Englishman shou'd,
 On all such Contentions—the Maxim is good ;
 The public t'would serve were the party at large,
 Who loses the Cause made the cost to discharge.

The Law is a Bubble---from whence seems to spring,
 More Cheating than ever belong'd to Cheyt Sing ;
 And thousands the whole of the Farce when they view,
 Will say about Nothing, there's been much ado.

The BUDGET worn out.

Tune.---Navigators haste away.

B RITONS now your murmuring cease,
 Let fond hopes your Cares appease,
 Though our Burthens have been sore,
 Certainly the worst is o'er:
 Cheer the Heart, and Mirth enjoy,
 The Times will mend---I'll tell you why.

Thurlow at the Lord Mayor's Feast,
 Was seated as a welcome Guest,
 And getting groggy by the bye,
 He told the Cits (I hope no Lie)
 Instead of further aids that he,
 A fond reducement hop'd to see.

He told it with a merry look,
 The Scowl had then his Brow forlook,
 Such News what pleasure to reveal,
 (Hang the Man, who stole his Seal)
 The Times will mend there's not a doubt,
 For Pitt has worn the Budget out.

London

London spreads the Tale around,
 Bristol echoes back the Sound;
 Norwich, Leeds and Birmingham,
 Fondly must applaud the same:
 And Manchester with joy will shout,
 That Pitt has worn the Budget out.

'Twas many years ago declar'd,
 The Budget had been cram'd too hard,
 And straining tho' a growing Sin,
 Still more and more to jumble in:
 The Shop Tax made a plaguy rout,
 And wore the very Bottom out.

The DIVERSION of QUOIT PLAYING.

Tune--- The Hounds are all out, &c.

MANKIND will their favourite pleasures pursue,
 The Mind must be ever employ'd;
 The Fancy to please is the Motive in view,
 And each will his Hobby Horse ride

My brave Boys.

Some take up their Batts, and the Cricket-ball bang,
 Some brisk in the Five Court are seen;
 Of the Sports of the Field many fondly harangue,
 And some boast the Sports of the Green.

Amusements are fashion'd for every age,
 And Novelty pleasure excites;
 But we in that old rustic pastime engage,
 The manly Diversion of Quoits.

The Britons of old by this practice we know,
 The Brave to the Field did invite;
 The same nervous Arm that could twang the long Bow,
 Was accusom'd to throw the broad Quoit.

Tune

Tune—Hark, hark away.

Come, come my Boys to sport away,
With pleasing Games we'll crown the Day;
Follow your Sire * ye Social Throng,
See how alert he trips it along;

The wisest Man,
From Nature's plan,
Who pictur'd Life was pleas'd to say, Sir,
For every Class,
There always was,
A Time to work, and a Time to play, Sir.

The Clock's struck four, the Game begin,
Longer to dally 'twere a Sin;
Off with your Hat, for Partners throw,
Off with your Coats your best to do;
Equally match'd,
That's widely pitch'd;
Strive with more edge to ground your Pieces;
Room enough yet,
One lucky hit,
Makes full amends for twenty Misses.

Cheer up my Boy, exert your strength,
Study to find a proper length;
Mind your next piece, be sure be straight,
The best by chance are sometimes beat;
Good, good again,
That makes us ten;
Who at such play can ever grumble;
Fortune forbear,
What luck is there!
See how those Trinkets † roll and tumble.

Now to the Contest close attend,
And this will be a glorious end;

* The Father of the Society, a worthy Character, who plays with alertness though in the eightieth Year of his age.

† Very small Quoits.

Seven good Quoits the Hob surround,
 Not one three inches from it found;
 A Toucher here,
 Another there,
 Drops within the breadth of a Finger,
 Who more can do,
 That noble throw,
 Crowns the Game with a double Ringer.

Lucre our object cannot be,
 For Pence a piece we only play;
 Tho' but a trifle still the Game,
 From all can strict attention claim:
 The Feather's fled,
 The Hob lies hid,
 Close to the Ground the Pieces pin it;
 Drawing so near,
 Many would swear!
 The virtue of the Loadstone's in it.

Finding by chance the Weather wet,
 Why then we under cover get,
 Handing the friendly Cup about,
 Until we've drank the Jorum out;
 Chearful and gay,
 Drink down the Day,
 Joining in pleasant Conversation;
 Hearty and true,
 All Summer through,
 This is our weekly Recreation.

The GAME of FIVES.

Tune--- Welcome every friendly Guest.

SPRIGHTLY Sons of manly Sport,
 Haste to pleasures spacious Court;
 Murmur not how Chances fall,
 First strike hands than strike the ball,

Win

Win or lose at trifling-bets,
Laugh'd at be the Man that frets.

Now observe the MARKER's call,
Hear him rally Fourteen all,
Down to Five again were set,
Six hands in and scarce a Let;
Let which will the Victory claim,
'Tis my Boys a well fought Game.

For an Evening's active Sport,
To the ANGEL we resort,
Where in heart-felt sportive glee,
Worn down Vet'rans smile to see;
Youthful vigour tripping round,
Pleasure's consecrated Ground.

FIVES amongst the Sons of Fame,
Was the antient Britons Game,
Mixt with prudence still the wise,
Call it healthful Exercise;
Ne'er let good old Customs drop,
Strike the BALL and keep it up.

For our fav'rite Sport at FIVES,
None can blame us save our WIVES,
Who perhaps may softly say,
Toiling at the close of Day,
On the scorching sandy Ground,
Makes young HUSBANDS sleep too sound.

Round the World the Seasons through,
Youth their various Sports pursue;
Some resort where CARDS are seen,
Some the Cockpit, some the Green,
Ours against the stately Wall,
Is to jerk the bouncing BALL.

MARBLE PLAYING.

Tune---Now we're free from College Rules.

SOME years ago the rustic game
Of FOOT-BALL was the fashion,
And broken shins to merit fame,
Would frequently occasion;
Variety diverts the mind,
And fancy will be straying,
Else, why at present do we find
This rage for Marble playing.

Of children's play for men to share,
The scene however novel;
MECHANICS meet and merty are,
As beggars in a hovel;
They laugh and sing---and round the RING,
By turns take off a bumper,
Then eye the spot---and give the SHOT,
From TAW a deadly PLUMPER.

Why wonder at the whims of men!
Or any thing they're doing,
When those of THREESCORE years and ten
Are school-boy tricks pursuing;
By way of change to keep it up,
Tho' MARBLES not disdaining;
Yet now and then to whip a TOP,
May be as entertaining.

In summer days 'twill happen so
Amongst a jolly party,
A mile or two from town who go,
And all are free and hearty;
When sports begin---you'll see link'd in
The motley merry bustle,
Some at CARDS, and some at BOWLS,
And some at PITCH and HUSTLE.

We're told how once a valiant KNIGHT,
 Amongst the ancient Britons,
 To COURT went with a PAPER KITE,
 And met with free admittance;
 Nay there Sir RICHARD* so 'tis said)
 The KING not only saw, Sir,
 But with young GEORGE the honour had,
 To play a game at TAW, Sir.

SAM JOHNSON, England's learned sage,
 The prince of letters rated,
 At sixty-seven years of age,
 With vigour unabated;
 By fancy fir'd and fondly brought,
 Some boyish trick to be at,
 Pull'd off his HAT, his WIG, and COAT,
 HOP, STRIDE, and JUMP to play at.

What folly can with this compare!
 Their skill when fairly trying,
 BAR SHOTS, NO BACKS, and knuckle fair,
 To hear OLD GREY-BEARDS crying;
 The human mind is oft beguil'd,
 There need no further stricture,
 And once a MAN, and twice a CHILD,
 Of life's the real picture.

The STATE PENSIONERS.

Tune--- Strange rumours of War, &c.

THAT miracles never will cease,
 Is what we are frequently told;
 And do not these whimsical days
 What's marvellous often unfold?

* Sir Richard Perrott, Knight of the black Eagle, who went with an address to the Prince of Wales.

A wonderful change in the state,
Was some months ago brought about;
And then, full as wond'rous as that,
Another drops suddenly out.

When Death seal'd up ROCKINGHAM's eyes,
Strange scenes of confusion arose;
His place to attack by surprize,
Made those who were friends become foes:
FOX in a pet quits his station,
CAVENDISH business declines,
And BURKE, in the heat of his passion,
His pay-master service resigns.

LORD NORTH, for those measures pursuing,
Which CHATHAM made clear as the day,
Would tend to the kingdom's undoing,
For life receives annual pay;
The treasure he wishfully ey'd,
The Cinque-ports for life would not do,
I must have a pension, he cry'd,
And so shall JACK ROBINSON too.

Greater lengths, if we judge by his actions,
No man ever dar'd to proceed;
For this seem'd, by all his transactions,
To be his political creed:
"The kingdom I care not a pin
"How much into trouble I plunge,
"For the Debt (and pray where is the sin)
"Must all be wip'd off with a sponge."

Five days, his affairs to arrange,
Pass'd over in plotting and pining;
The people seem'd pleas'd with the change,
And these were his terms of resigning:
"When drove to the brink of despair,
"To fleece us, and tax us no more,
"His man gets a *thousand* per year—
"The master lies quiet with *four*."

Aspiring to power behold
 A weathercock limb of the law,
 High Titles and glittering Gold,
 Some Minds will to any thing draw ;
 This keen *Caledonian* blade,
 Of *Cabinet-councils* the drudge,
 For duty obsequious is made,
 A *Pensioner*, *Peer*, and a *Judge*.

What man against pensions and places,
 Than *BARRE* did ever more prate ;
 So suddenly alter'd the case is,
 Astonishing 'twere to relate ;
 When getting fast hold of the reins,
 For which he had strain'd ev'ry nerve,
 A place he not only obtains,
 But a pension holds snug in reserve.

As of old, so we find it is still,
 At profit all *Statesmen* are aiming ;
 At the *Ins*, let 'em be what they will,
 The *Outs* will be ever exclaiming ;
 They're certain to stir up a riot,
 And loud in the senate to bawl ;
 One thing can alone make 'em quiet,
 " And that is to *pension* 'em all."

The WONDERFUL COALITION.

Tune--- As I was a driving my Waggon one Day.

AT a period when all public virtue is lost,
 Of *PATRIOTS* 'tis but a folly to boast ;
 A subject so stale, let who will go upon,
 At the shadow may catch, but the substance is gone.

Whate'er in the Senate the *OUTS* may declare,
 The Treasury sweets the grand aim is to share ;

Or

Or say why of Parties this strange Coalition,
This marvellous Mixture, this odd Composition.

An alliance is form'd, wonders never will cease,
And the Wolves and the Sheep, the Fox and the Geese,
Crowd round a tame Lion, who much is perplex'd,
For they coax him one day, and abuse him the next.

Lord North and Charles Fox, to give Shelburne a sweat,
And two greater opposites sure never met;
Consulting together, at midnight were got,
Nay, the Devil, 'tis said, made a third in the plot.

The Premier, says Charles, soon his quarters shall shift,
I have chalk'd out the plan, you must give me a lift;
'Tis not for our int'rest that faction yet cease,
I the War always d---n'd, and I'll now d---n the Peace.

Your language, says Fred'ric, is certainly right,
To rout him our standards we'll freely unite;
The people may wonder, and laughter begin,
But mark the old saying---let those laugh that win.

"When my country was bleeding at ev'ry pore,
"A Pension I took special care to secure;
"The Crown my Great Services honour has done,
"All my study is now to provide for my Son."

For the sake of his Father, says Charles, my good friend,
The King, be assur'd, will your boy recommend;
And for the sake of ourselves, 'till th' Exchequer shall break,
We have nothing to do, but good bargains to make.

Since England was England, and freedom rever'd,
Greater changes in Politics never appear'd;
John Wilkes to fit easy the method has learnt,
And Burke his long string of Impeachments has burnt.

But the year of all years is the fam'd eighty-three,
When the First Post of State, and the Archbishop's Sec---
Whilst Justice lay weeping---aside thrown her scales,
For acceptance went begging, thro' England and Wales.

The State is convuls'd, Public Spirit is dead,
 Stability's wanted, Confusion is spread;
 Independence weeps at Integrity's fall,
 And Fame justly sings---Tantarara Rogues all.

WHIPCORD, or the WALKING STATIONERS.

*Tune---*Have you not read a Book call'd Tristram Shandy.

REUBEN and Moses, two poor walking stationers,
 Bitter complaints to each other laid down;
 Few better clad of the wide world's parishioners,
 Ever on ten toes went trudging to town;
 REUBEN, says Moses,
 He's wrong who supposes,
 That worse men than Israelites never wore shoes;
 Survey the affairs of mankind,
 Accounts of their actions peruse,
 And CHRISTIANS in knavery you'll find,
 More expert than the keenest of JEWS.

MOSES says REU, I'm in trade a mere novice,
 These three days I've travel'd, and not sold a quill;
 And public report says, some men in high office,
 Have rob'd our PROFESSION, their pockets to fill;
 That these in high station,
 Have plunder'd the nation,
 To prove, a man need not much logic to use;
 For if we look up at the great,
 A recent affair clearly shews,
 That amongst the grandees of the state,
 Are many worse fellows than JEWS.

Twelve hundred good guineas, for pens, ink, and paper,
 In twelve months, you'll say, is a round sum to spare;
 To reap such an order, how would my heart caper,
 JEWS cannot, alas! such emoluments share;

And

And then in the rattle,
 Observe how they prattle,
 About a three hundred and fifty pound bill;
 I'd turn hempen merchant, I swear,
 Lord NORTH to supply at my will;
 For more WHIPCORD he buys in one year,
 Than would any SYNAGOGUE fill.

WHIPCORD, says MOSES, is one of those articles,
 Useful that's counted, if rightly apply'd;
 I've seen of the kindest sort, nine knotted particles,
 Blister the back of a black-a-moor's hide;
 To see a good flogging,
 I long to be jogging,
 For that, I'm persuaded, would serve the whole land;
 At the POST was the BLUE-RIBBON'D LORD,
 Or the MAN OF THE PEOPLE to stand,
 Though flog'd with his Lordship's own cord,
 What creature would cry---Stop your hand?

In St. Stephen's, no doubt, since a famous intrigue Sir,
 Their speeches must laughable be to attend;
 CHARLES FOX calls his Lordship his noble colleague, Sir,
 His Lordship calls Charles, his Right Hon'able friend:
 FOXITES and BURKITES,
 When link'd with the SHELburnITES,
 Much seem'd to make REFORMATION their pride;
 What strange alteration time makes,
 When a fav'able prospect they spy'd,
 They snatch'd at the gilded crown cakes,
 And the general reform threw aside.

Of life, ere says REUBEN, I reach the meridian,
 In trade, as I live, will I alter my plan;
 I'll go for instructions to good SAMPSON GIDEON,
 And get myself nat'raliz'd soon as I can;
 No BAILIFF's grim dunner,
 No LAWYER's lank runner,
 But holds a poor JEW in the rankest of scorn;

For matters are got to that pitch,
 Half the kingdom at honesty spurn;
 And, depend on't, we ne'er shall get rich,
 Unless our RELIGION we turn.

My son ELEAZAR, his own recitation,
 Says MOSES, shall read, if he'll listen to me;
 I'll send him to Oxford for fresh education;
 He one day or other may CHANCELLOR be;
 For when subtle REYNARD,
 Broke into the VINEYARD,
 And snatch'd at the grapes as in clusters they grew;
 I found from a very slight glance,
 At the maxims which statesmen pursue;
 That he stands for court favour no chance,
 Who is not too sharp for a Jew.

The WATERMAN, an HIBERNIAN HA-
 RANGUE about PLACES.

To the Tune of---Lillibularo.

MURDOCK, says Patrick, I cannot make out,
 The cause of this shifting and shuffling about,
 I've counted as many, tho' strange it appears,
 As five Lord Lieutenants in less than three years;
 I'm much at a loss how their names to come at,
 Who fill up the recent appointments of state,
 For changes so often and suddenly wrought,
 Have made my Court Calendar not worth a groat.

Patrick, says Murdock, I'm just in your case,
 Long time I've been hunting in vain for a place,
 Good places are valuable blessings we know,
 Our country, alas, has but few to bestow;
 And what to my feelings is more than a joke,
 There's not one can drop but what's long been bespoke;
 For bread, since I find ev'ry artifice fails,
 I still must depend on my yoke and my pails.

Places

Places to find---'tis agreed on all hands,
 That England can't satisfy half her demands;
 That just the same craving in Ireland holds good,
 Is clear by the speeches of GRATTAN and FLOOD;
 From daily transactions, 'tis clear to a man,
 Amongst the state wranglers 'tis catch as catch can;
 And he who is OUT plaguy hard thinks his lot,
 And he who is IN strives to keep what he's got.

Whilst in an uproar the House seems to be,
 And too much of passion and party we see,
 Who in the scramble unnotic'd can pass
 The artful manœuvres of HARRY DUNDAS?
 He labour'd incessant a whole session through,
 A NABOB to sweat, who is rich as a Jew,
 Till mov'd by a spell, to himself the best known,
 He changes the scene, and lets RUMBOLD alone.

To throw an unpopular INDIA BILL out,
 About *Secret Influence* think what a rout,
 Fame on that subject a story displays,
 Which beats all that happen'd in JOHNNY BUTE's days.
 TEMPLE at midnight to Buckingham-house,
 Stole a dead march, and went snug as a mouse;
 A dark lanthorn carry'd, as rumour declares,
 "And rode on the bannisters up the Back Stairs,"

I can't for Old England help being concern'd,
 I find state affairs topsy-turvy are turn'd;
 WILKES crown prerogative aims to support,
 And NORTH is no longer a fav'rite at Court.
 I fully intended, says Patrick, and soon,
 To've stept o'er the SEA in an Irish BALLOON?
 But I'll keep my own country, I vow and declare,
 For England's top full of Inflammable Air.

The CONTRACTORS.

Tune---When Summer Days were long and fair.

OUR troops abroad when many said,
That BRANDY would not save 'em,
A contract then for RUM was made,
And RUM our rum heads gave 'em;
By spirit were their SPIRITS rous'd,
They fought like sons of thunder!
Of millions whilst the land was chous'd,
CONTRACTORS shar'd the plunder.

Their patron wink'd at foul deceit,
No crosses then had sour'd him;
In folly's reign his word had weight,
For folly's sons ador'd him:
With contracts of a curious-kind,
His fav'rites were befriended,
In PICKLE CABBAGE too we find
Some thousands were expended.

But 'mongst the public fleecing band,
The man so bold and clever,
Who storm'd the BOOT and PETTICOAT,
Has found the greatest favour;
He sent the army hose and shoes,
With muddy porter drench'd 'em,
But in the toes---old soldiers say,
Confoundedly he pinch'd em.

MARK LANE the *Corn Contractor* mark'd,
And pleasure it excited,
To see his face, hung up, who was
For perjury indicted;
To screen himself---by ill-got pelf,
He would have much discounted;
But CHRISTOPHER, think what a slur!
The PILLORY has mounted.

When

When guilt had BEMBRIDGE stung with shame,

Observe what dirty work, Sir,
To serve him, without blushing, came

DICK RIGBY, NORTH, and BURKE, Sir!

So when a fish-pond's robb'd, you'll see

The vilest of ENCROACHERS,

As pleaders for his honesty,

Bring up three lusty POACHERS.

In lieu of every paltry tax,

Which hatred only merit,

Clap something on CONTRACTORS backs,

They're broad enough to bear it.

Refund! refund! let Britons sound,

And sound it through the nation!

The sums with INFAMY that crown'd,

Lord North's Administration.

INDIA GAME.

Tune--- Whilst over the Mountains.

HARK, hark to the summons—behold what a rout!

What pains are bestow'd to bring knavery out;
Many times India-game has been held up to view;
Many times *about nothing* we see *much-a-do*.

When CLIVE into England his millions brought,
That all was not right, to believe we were taught;
They talk'd by impeachments of striking him dumb!
Great things were expected, but nothing brought home.

When a man is impeach'd, and his trial draws near,
If Ministry's with him, what has he to fear?
For he who so closely did RUMBOLD accuse,
His assistance to HASTINGS disdains to refuse.

The Nabob of ARCOT, and Nabob of OUDE,
Europeans to deal with will never be proud;

For

For plunder is too much the object of all,
Who reach the CARNATIC, or visit BENGAL.

In most kind of dealings betwixt man and man,
Too much 'tis the practice to cheat as cheat can;
The PAGAN robs flyly, as well as the JEW,
And CHRISTIANS rob PAGANS, and murder 'em too.

Distinctions are various, 'twas always the case,
And ever will be with the whole human race;
Some are poverty struck, riches many perplex,
But who in *arrears* run so much as GEORGE REX.

When fortunes at home have been squander'd away,
The wild and the wanton trip over the sea;
And did they not run to uncommon degrees,
Pray how would they come by their lacks of RUPEES.

Whate'er may be said of this fraudulent game,
Could reason take place, its pursuers 'twould shame,
Minds oft are perverted, but JUSTICE decrees
A recompence different to that of RUPEES.

His ill-gotten treasure at once to discount,
However amazing may be the amount!
May every MARAUDER be brought on his knees,
And the true honest heart never *lack* of RUPEES.

A BUMPERS TOAST.

Tune—Here's to the Maiden of bashful Fifteen.

HERE's to the Tradesman, who social and gay,
Will take his glass freely in hand, Sir,
Here's to the travellers crossing the sea,
And here's to all those upon land, Sir.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass,
Spare not the *gas*,
He's not one of us who refuses his glass.

Here's

Here's to the ARTIST, who fond to excel,
Can genius display in a trinket;
Here's to the LANDLORD who finds us good ale,
And here's to those free hearts who drink it.

Chorus---Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the VET' RAN who dwells in a rock,
Whose fame has spread all the world over;
From whom SPAIN receiv'd such a terrible shock,
She not in an age will recover.

Chorus---Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the CUTLER who tempers his blade,
Fit to do family duty;
And here's to the lad who, when warring's his trade,
Makes honour his noblest booty.

Chorus---Let the toast pass, &c.]

Here's to all those who live peaceable lives,
Ever may plenty befriend 'em;
Here's to our sweet-hearts, and here's to our wives,
And joy and good humour attend 'em.

Chorus---Let the toast pass, &c.

Losses and crosses there ever will be,
Pass 'em o'er as light as a feather;
All honest citizens hearty and free,
We'll toast in a bumper together.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass,
Spare not the gar,
He's not one of us who refuses his glass.

TRADE in ENGLAND NEER SHALL DIE.

Tune---O'er the Hills and far away.

THAT TRADE is dead, we're apt to say,
With all such idle talk away;
The ARTS mislead may rove awhile,
But BRITAIN is their favourite soil.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Never let it more be said,
In the land that TRADE is dead;
'Twill sometimes droop, I'll not deny,
But TRADE in ENGLAND ne'er shall die.

'Tis very rare the friend to find,
At all times that is good and kind;
Through chequer'd scenes of life we go,
Sometimes sunshine, sometimes snow.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

We can't of orders always boast,
Sometimes flush, and sometimes crost;
And so it is, I will aver,
With every BROTHER TRAVELLER.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

At LONDON, LEEDS, and MANCHESTER,
Fear not but trade will briskly stir;
And BIRMINGHAM shall have her share,
As long as mankind BUTTONS wear.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Let SHEFFIELD artists not despair,
For Genius smiles, and LANCASHIRE
Has useful hands, of which she fills
Her FUSTIAN LOOMS and COTTON MILLS.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Imperial JOSEPH's mandate ne'er,
A British heart shall strike with fear!
Half EUROPE would be overjoy'd
To see old PRUSSIA crop his pride.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

Sound policy 'tis deem'd to prize,
All faithful, fair, and firm allies;
But if our old ones prove unkind,
Why new one's then we'll strive to find.

Chorus---Never let it more, &c.

By

By TRADE are princely fortunes gain'd,
 By TRADE the State must be maintain'd,
 Which still will fluctuate like the tide,
 As long as SEVERN's stream shall glide.

CHORUS.

Never let it more be said,
 In the land that TRADE is dead;
 'Twill sometimes droop, I'll not deny,
 But TRADE in ENGLAND ne'er shall die.

The TRINITY TAX.

Tune—Sing Tantarara Rogues all.

In a State for its follies oft held up to scorn,
 Where the bastards of paupers are tax'd soon as born,
 So paltry a duty, so mean an excise,
 A tinker will spurn at, a shoe-black despise.

The passports from life could our statesmen command,
 Heaven's porter they'd rob, snatch the keys from his hand;
 Or in crossing the Styx, the most likely decree,
 Old CHARON they'd study to cheat of his fee.

Future bliss by their deeds to attempt would be vain;
 The harbour in safety they never can gain;
 'For this tax at life's end is so deadly a sin,
 Depend on't St. PETER will ne'er let 'em in.

Of freedom we boast, while the taxes we bear,
 Are trade-killing sores, that increase ev'ry year;
 Three summers more war, let Lord North have the lead,
 And he'll tax ev'ry tooth a man has in his head.

Three-pence born, three-pence married, and three-pence
 when dead,

Of this three-fold invention, if more need be said,
 'Tis the CAVENDISH TRINITY, DERBYSHIRE make,
 Devis'd, there's no doubt, at the ARSE of the PEAK.

K

The

The COLLIERS FETE-CHAMPETRE.

Tune--- Jolly Mortals fill your Glasses.

'TWAS in sultry summer weather,
Hearts a score of courage good,
Clubbing pence a piece together,
Seated were at Madeley wood.

At this Colliers Fete-Champetre,
Budget-day was talk'd about,
What that budget is, says Peter,
For my life, I can't make out.

Some inform me 'tis an evil,
'That no Englishman escapes;
Others tell me 'tis the devil,
Sent about in various shapes.

Taxing coals, which struck our wise men,
Through the dale like wild-fire ran;
Second thoughts told no excifeman,
Durst have ventur'd on the plan.

In the land there's little good left,
And, cries Tom, who angry wax'd,
Long as I have any blood left,
Pit-coal never shall be tax'd.

In this point we'll have our pleasure,
And to none will favour show;
They who come t'enforce the measure,
Down the pit shall headlong go.

Should the State (says Peter coolly)
Once more into quarrels plunge,
Two or three campaigns would, truly,
Turn the Budget to a sponge.

Horses, candles, bricks, and beavers,
Budget strokes have dropt upon;
And the True-Blue Ribbon-weavers,
Out of temper much are grown.

Finding

Finding commerce much has suffer'd,
Coventry and Manchester,

Who their lives and fortunes proffer'd,
 Now begin to curse the war.

For their mighty zeal and trouble,
 Bloody measures to pursue,

Justice cries out---TAX 'em DOUBLE,
 'Tis no more than half their due.

Tax'd are curriers, tanners, tawers,
 Gunners too, though dogs are not;
 Rich old bachelors and lawyers,
 Much too long have been forgot.

Of our burthens being wearied,
 What most ardently we crave,
 Is that Britons from this period,
 No more budget days may have.

NOTHING AT ALL. An Hibernian Dialogue on the PROPOSITIONS.

Tune—Larry Grogan.

WELL met, brother Peter! Now do not deceive me,
 I'm anxious to know what the State is about.

" Why, Patrick, in Parliament, if you'll believe me,

" There's been about commerce a comical rout.

" About Propositions, which few politicians

" Can clearly make out, how did patriots bawl!

" So great the alarm---some were ready to arm,

" *And fight, my dear boy, about Nothing at all.*

" So great a disturbance, and all about trade,

" Before ne'er was seen in the mem'ry of man;

" Six months to the full was the Minister's head

" On the rack how completely to settle the plan.

" How strangely mista'en!--what labour in vain!

" It may marvellous seem, but I swear by St. Paul,

" Resolutions a score---when to DUBLIN sent o'er,

" Amounted to just a mere Nothing at all.

K 2

" Dear

" Dear Patrick, you'll think it a strange exhibition,
 " From Manchester came, and the villages round,
 " For wond'rous inspection so large a petition,
 " When spread 'twould have cover'd an acre of ground;
 " Lord DERBY unable, himself on the table,
 " To throw so unweildy and weighty a scrawl,
 " With assistance made shift---Thurlow lent him a list,
 " Though the BUNDLE, he swore, contain'd Nothing
 at all.

" The Chambers of Commerce in close consultation,
 " Much time and much trouble did ardently spend;
 " Amongst them were sages of keen penetration,
 " The trade of their country resolv'd to defend:
 " Manufacturers met, and Delegates sat,
 " Attentive to every necessitous call:
 " And Wedgwood and Peele---in the House said a deal,
 " Who in faith might as well have said Nothing at all."

But answer me, Peter, one question, I pray;
 Is there not of the usual proceedings a breach?
 For after long sitting, observe what I say,
 The Parliament rises, but where's the King's speech?
 " In troth about that---believe me, dear Pat,
 " As COTTONS and FUSTIANS long kept up the ball,
 " On a sudden they rose---'twas a singular close,
 " For the King (Heaven bless him) said Nothing at all."

" However the world may the simile strike,
 " However the matter may some understand,
 " I can't in this work but the Minister *like*,
 " To the man who his building erects on a sand,
 " The structure was slight---for in one stormy night,
 " And think how alarming and sudden the fall!
 " It was lost in the mud---wash'd away by a FLOOD*,
 " And dwindled at once into Nothing at all."

* The Orator.

The TIMES.

*Tune---*The Rakes of Malla.

IN this age of dissipation,
 Full of folly and taxation,
 To amuse the fools of fashion,
 Is the mind exerted;
STEEDS are taught ('tis no romance)
Minuets dext'rously to prance,
Pigs to spell, and **DOGS** to dance,
 Nature is perverted.

People every art employing,
 Daily tricks and fancies trying,
 Men as swift as pigeons flying!
 Folly to perfection;
CROSBY striving to excel,
 From the clouds, though strange to tell!
 On the lap of **Thetis** fell,
 Trusting Fate's protection.

Fate from sinking kept her **CRONY**,
 Just the same with Major **MONEY**,
 Though the blade is bold and bony,
 Much the scene amaz'd him!
 In the moments of distress,
 When depriv'd of all his gas,
 Think what horrors must, alas!
 Horridly have seiz'd him.

All the world for interest scuffle;
 Sudden changes tempers ruffle,
 Nothing more than cut and shuffle;
 All for trumps are striving;
 And the hurly burly crew,
 Different tracks of life pursue,
 From their grand pursuits, but few
 True content deriving.

Still the OURS the INS bespatter,
 Englishmen will freely chatter,
 And with some it were no matter,

If the De'l had got 'em.
 FOX was curs'd, and call'd a Jew,
 CAVENDISHES would not do,
 Then we chang'd, and fell into
 *A PITT without a bottom.

Give me when the day is ended,
 O'er the cheer that can't be mended,
 Sprightly wit with humour blended;
 That's the thing that pleases:

For when mortals free and gay,
 Pass the evening hours away,
 SAGES smile, and seem to say,
 Then the heart at ease is.

On the BACHELOR's TAX.

Tune---Liberty Hall.

TO find out a tax that is certain to please
 The whole of mankind, and a decent sum raise,
 If taxes we down to their origin trace,
 Never was, and I trust, never will be the case.

The SON of old CHATHAM, I'm sorry to find,
 To commerce and arts so extremely unkind,
 For sake of Old England, I wish he'd ne'er laid,
 His deep cutting strokes so severe upon trade.

On females the youth a smart tax had arrang'd,
 Than amended the same, 'twould have better been chang'd;
 'Twere an act that the Premier would credit have done,
 To've look'd at himself, and the girls let alone.

The SHOP TAX is partial, nor can it be fair,
 ATTORNIES to whip, and the COUNSELLORS spare,

* Made at the time that he presented the public with his
 largest Budget of Taxes.

But

But no better objects to tax can be found,
Than useless CURMUDGEONS who cumber the ground.

This tax of all taxes, which few against rail,
At present is quite on too narrow a scale;
To make it productive the method is plain;
Extend it, and mend it, again and again.

When a round lumping sum by this duty is rais'd,
Not a female but what will be heartily pleas'd;
The married will chuckle---fine nuts for Old MAIDS;
Whilst peevish Old BACHELORS hang down their heads.

This laudable mode of taxation, we hear,
Struck the fancy of TH-----w, the *stern-visag'd Peer*;
And for once the gruff Ch-----r, *smilingly*, said,
"Dear BILLY, you've hit the right nail on the head."

To Wedlock promote, fain a clause would I add,
Humanity claims what would many make glad:
Let the man seven children who labours to rear,
Tax-free throughout life be permitted to steer.

A toast on the subject may not be amiss,
And as taxes are numerous, mine shall be this;
"May Parliament quickly diminish the train,
"But one upon bachelors ever remain."

The LONDONERS PETITION against the SHOP TAX.

Tune--- There's na luck about the house,

'TWAS when the odious shop-tax had
To murmurs given vent,
And through the kingdom want of trade,
Increas'd the discontent;
Of worthy citizens a band,
Who found themselves oppress'd,
To G-----e their thoughts would recommend,
And thus their minds express,

" The servant who his country's love,
 " So rapidly has lost,
 " Whose conduct reason must reprove,
 " No longer deign to trust;
 " The man may wear an honest heart,
 " Nor does he lack of tongue;
 " And doubtless may his best impart,
 " But still he's quite too young.

" Your ministry once more disband,
 " Nor think it bad advice;
 " The trading int'rest of the land
 " Will at the cause rejoice:
 " And may not those to public woes
 " Who patiently submit,
 " As well be worried by a Fox,
 " As swallow'd in a PITT.

On certain PROPOSITIONS think!
 What difficulties start,
 When commerce stands on danger's brink,
 It must alarm the heart!
 The sturdy lads of Lancashire,
 Full six score thousand strong,
 The helm to manage, all declare,
 That BILLY's quite too young.

We grant the youthful financier,
 In industry excels,
 But in his breast, too great, 'tis clear,
 An obstinacy dwells;
 A paltry tax on servant maids,
 Of foes creates an host,
 And may when levied---from the shades,
 Bring up Wat Tyler's GHOST.

The friends to commerce, justice says,
 Have bitter cause to frown,
 With them no fav'rite ever was,
 More suddenly let down;

Then

Then let us beg, since in the case,
 The KING can do no wrong,
 The reins in other hands you'll place,
 For BILLY's quite too young.

DUTCH PATRIOTISM: or, CASTLES in AIR.

Tune---Well met brother Peter.

WHAT means all this tumult, and noise about fighting,
 This pressing of seamen, and calling to arms?
 Politicians have much on the matter been writing,
 Yet cannot account for these sudden alarms!
 If war is the word---fresh expences occur'd,
 PITT's fav'rite project must fall to the ground;
 'Stead of MILLIONS sav'd, will be MILLIONS crav'd,
 And his NATIONAL DEBT BILL receive its death wound.

Some few months ago---the manœuvre was fine,
 BILLY EDEN, who once to America went,
 (An offer so lucrative, who could decline)
 Again to negotiate to PARIS was sent;
 How did hope minds bewitch---we were all to get rich,
 Such plenty of orders from FRANCE were to come;
 BILLY feather'd his nest---but as to the rest,
 I wish it don't prove a political hum.

DUTCH PATRIOTS much have been given to vapour,
 But when BRUNSWICK's DUKE in good earnest they
 found,

'Tis many long years since they cut such a caper,
 Or had such occasion for shifting their ground;
 From UTRECHT they run---and spik'd ev'ry gun,
 Helter-skelter away o'er the DAMS and the DYKES,
 No tedious delays---in a very few days,
 The PRINCE is restor'd, and the CAPITAL strikes.

The

The *Amsterdam* boasts on faith much depending,
When finding they'd been by SHAM TREATIES be-
tray'd,

And seeing no good could arise from contending,
They hitch'd up their BREECHES, and feelingly said,
"To FRANCE who can trust---surrender we must,"
For WEALTH, sordid wealth, is an HOLLANDER's god,
And safety entreats---their HIGH MIGHTY STATES,
To lower their top-sails, and cringe to the ROD.

In future---so shamefully being neglected,
And left in the lurch their own cause to defend;
From dreadful experience it may be expected,
No more on French promises will they depend;
Tho' great are your fears---mark this ye MYNHEERS,
The very same kingdom your pride that pulls down,
It now may be said---on the STADTHOLDER's head,
Possesses the power of fixing a CROWN.

They talk'd of a CAMP that was forming at GIVET,
MONSIEURS were to put all the PRUSSIANS to flight;
The PATRIOTS swagger'd---but would you believe it,
They meant nothing more than by *proxy* to fight;
About inundations---they made declarations,
But BLOWS---when the foe came upon 'em to bear,
They wish'd to defer---for the FRENCH would not stir,
And all their grand projects were CASTLES IN AIR.

WONDERS: or, the MAN of the MOON.

Tune---That Miracles never will cease.

OF wonders the English will prate,
Strange tales the Hibernians tell us,
But in marvellous matters of late,
Our Gallican neighbours excel us;

OF

Of wonders we read ev'ry day,
 And read, till of reading were tir'd,
 And much about miracles say,
 When nothing but faith is requir'd.

A genius, no matter his name,
 Though many may laugh at the whim,
 In France, if we look at his fame,
 A Newton was nothing to him;
 For he, modern authors declare,
 Stept into a PAPER BALLOON,
 Like a swallow then skimm'd through the air,
 And took a peep into the moon.

So bold an adventure to see,
 What mortal at trifles would stick,
 Tho' some took the matter to be,
 A mere *bottle-conjuring* trick;
 And whilst they were trembling, alas!
 For fear on the ground he should light,
 He tipt 'em a flash of his GAS,
 And instantly flew out of sight.

In the Lunar Orb, think what they'll say,
 About this uncommon affair,
 Some doubtless their fears will display,
 And others like lunatics stare;
 Return if the traveller shou'd,
 No man will be fonder caref'd,
 If he tarries---why then we'll conclude,
 He likes his new settlement best.

A bold NEAPOLITAN soul,
 As ever the herring brook cros'd,
 T'other day in the clouds took a stroll,
 To human sight presently lost;
 Long trips he judg'd prudent to shun,
 Tho' car'd for his neck not a *sous*,
 But he knew betwixt EARTH and the MOON,
 There was never a HALF-WAY HOUSE.

That

That period swiftly approaches,
 When people (so common fame sings)
 Instead of being jumbled in Coaches,
 To London will go upon Wings;
 Should this be the case---(strange debates,
 Will happen on next Budget-day,
 For the wheel tax, like that on receipts,
 Not the charge of collecting will pay.

With invention the times are replete,
 Yet gold is uncommonly scarce;
 Too common are frauds and deceit,
 And Patriotism's a farce:
 To Commerce all honour be paid,
 To Artists encouragement shewn,
 Success in a bumper to Trade,
 Not forgetting the MAN OF THE MOON.

On BLANCHARD's AERIAL VOYAGE to the CONTINENT.

Tune---The Lillies of France.

THE world to amaze, and keep fancy alive,
 How nobly commences the year eighty-five;
 In *Ether's* wide field, amongst those who ascend,
 To fetch news from the *clouds*, and for glory contend;
 Eclips'd the fair fame of *Lunardi* must be,
 For *Blanchard* and *Jefferies* fly over the sea.

From *Dover's* high cliffs how majestic the sight,
 For, sure, such a scene would to *Gods* give delight!
 How wond'rous to see, of bold mortals a pair,
 Ride over the *waves* in a *chariot of air*!
 Then tell me what heart can amazement refrain,
 When men start from *earth* and fly over the *main*!

What

What can't they perform, who to work boldly set,
Invention is but in its infancy yet;
 And when with new *worlds* we acquainted become,
 Abroad as our *Aërial Travellers* roam,
 To their safety we'll drink, not forgetting the *toasts*,
 Who first o'er the *ocean* undauntedly flew.

To commerce, my boys, since we all with success,
Invention encourage, and science caress;
 As free-hearted Britons make *Genius* their boast,
 With lovers of *trade*, then, let this be the toast:

G H O R U S.

Store of wealth to the man, in an *English Balloon*,
 Who carries the first *pattern-card* to the *moon*.

DIAMOND cut DIAMOND.

Tune--- Billy Pitt the Tory.

THE national debt is BRITANNIA'S MILL-STONE,
 Has long been her plague, and of trade is the kill-
 stone,

Enormous the size is, but what more displeases,
 We find every year that the evil encreases.

This MILL-STONE in weight, when in pounds lately
 counted,

To more than two hundred good millions amounted,
 I care not a button what great men or grooms say,
 The debt without a SPONGE will not be clear'd till DOOMS-

DAY:

About WARREN HASTING'S behold what a pother,
 About THOMAS RUMBOLD was once such another;
 The business was strange—how it came to miscarry,
 To all seem'd a myst'ry, save CALEDONIAN HARRY.

The tales of what happen'd within the BENARES,
 What are they to us but a string of figaries!

L

The

The whole little more than an East country dance is,
Where BURKE plays the fiddle with MAJOR SCOTT and
FRANCIS.

DIAMOND cut DIAMOND's an old observation,
And may be apply'd to a recent occasion;
The MAJOR seems hurt, for suspicions are ground'd,
On that which was lately convey'd to a CROWN'D HEAD.

The gift must be great, great the merit to earn it,
'Twas rumour'd about that the King would return it;
For some say this BRILLIANT, and can we suspect less,
Was *filch'd* t'other day from the QUEEN OF FRANCE'S
NECKLACE.

The BACHELOR's tax to the fair may be pleasing,
The HAIR POWDER duty a few pounds be raising;
And why not if taxes next year are obtruded,
PERFUMERY be doubled and CORK-RUMPS included.

The VINTNERS in London about the excise laws,
Grow angry and swear BILLY PITT plans no wise laws;
The MINISTER doubtless may think his design good,
And we'll think the same if we always have WINE good.

With FRANCE and OLD ENGLAND if I'm not mistaken,
A treaty of commerce is now undertaken;
The best way of dealing to go hand in hand is,
Let them take our HARDWARES, and we'll drink their
BRANDIES.

How trade had declin'd long her sons were discerning,
Away with complaints since the tables are turning;
Our wine shall be French, and to shew we'll not spare it,
We'll barter our woollens for HOGSHEADS of CLARET.

'Tis much to be wish'd that all points they've agreed in,
Charge glasses and drink success to BILLY EDEN;
Replenish the bowls on the fond expectation,
Let bumpers go round to TRADE and NAVIGATION.

Invitation

Invitation to VAUXHALL GARDENS.

SOFT Spring the proclaimer of rural delights,
 Again to her sweet native bowers invites;
 From toil to relax, and enjoy the fresh air,
 All ye who the peaceful amusement would share,
 When mirth gives the Summons, to honour the call,
 Make much of the joy giving hours at VAUXHALL.

When the Evening is fine, how enlivening the scene,
 The walks to parade, or to trip o'er the green;
 No troubles to harass, no fears to alarm,
 The mind sits at ease, when there's Music to charm;
 Then quickly away, to the regions resort,
 Which pleasure makes choice of for keeping her court.

The TRADESMAN who's got a few moments to spare,
 Finds here a refreshment to solace his care;
 The ARTIST will often his labour throw by,
 The sweet rural pastime awhile to enjoy;
 For genius whose sons oft incline to be gay,
 Would droop if there was not a season to play.

When all appears charming and grac'd with the Fair,
 What Gardens for splendor with these can compare;
 When nature embellish'd with choice strokes of art,
 The mind to regale does her beauties impart,
 And mirth and good fellowship keep up the ball,
 What more would the heart wish to find at VAUXHALL.

BIRMINGHAM ALE-TASTERS.

*Tune---*How happy a State does a Miller possess.

OF all civil officers annually chose,
 There's none in the Kingdom are equal to those,
 Whose duty requires little more than to rove,
 And taste at their pleasure, what ENGLISHMEN love.

L 2

From

From BORD'SLEY to HOCKLEY our PROVINCE extends,
 I wish we had time to address all our friends;
 Of houses all free-cost, to visit, 'tis clear,
 The number is more than are days in the year.

We carry no TRAUNCHEONS our power to shew,
 With Government matters have nothing to do;
 We drink with the common, yet rank with the best,
 And like ALDERMEN live at a *Low BAILIFF's Feast*.

Our good Brother OFFICERS strangers must be,
 When beating our rounds to the pleasures we see;
 From Office of CONSTABLE troubles ensue,
 But that of a TASTER is joy the year through.

For when upon duty, as custom has taught,
 We call for a TANKARD, 'tis instantly brought,
 And how pleasing it is for a LANDLORD to say,
 "You're welcome kind Sir--there is nothing to pay."

We visit the MARKETS and traverse the STREETS,
 Our CHIEF to assist in adjusting the weights;
 And with 'twere the practice in all kind of Sales,
 To down with the STEELYARDS and up with the SCALES.

The BUTCHERS may throw out their MARROW-BONE spite,
 But reason informs us 'tis nothing but right;
 For JUSTICE relying on TRUTH as her Guide,
 When pi&ur'd has always the SCALES by her side.

Fill a Bumper to TRADE, 'tis the TASTERS request,
 With plenty may BRITAIN, for ever be blest;
 Where DISCORD abounds may true friendship commence,
 And BIRMINGHAM "flourish a thousand years hence."

The TIMES, On stopping the CIRCULATION of DOLLARS.

*Tune----*Push about the Jorum.

I Am a jolly BACCHANAL,
Who ne'er regarded party,
I love the lad and ever shall,
That's honest, free, and hearty;
By sudden loss---if things go cross,
To almost every creature,
Whate'er's amiss---my song is this,
I wish the TIMES were better.

Tho' POLITICS the common prate,
Of more than half the Nation,
Domestic strife, and broils create,
With those of every station;
In life's short round---I ne'er was found
To mirth and glee a Traitor;
In true good will---repeating still,
I wish the TIMES were better.

Of warm disputes amongst the rest,
For folly and dissension,
A PLAY-HOUSE war five years at least,
Has drawn the most attention;
And now it seems---to such extremes,
For PLAYERS some have gone, Sir;
In town this year---two TROOPS appear,
The next we mayn't see one, Sir.

To such a pitch are matters grown,
Tho' some may think it strange, Sir,
To change their CASH some hard are run,
And some have none to change, Sir;
Good GUINEAS are---exceeding rare,
The Copper COIN how plaguing!
Small SILVER trace---'tis mostly base,
And DOLLARS go a begging.

This portly COIN so freely paid,
 And useful when first offer'd,
 With MERCHANTS soon became a trade,
 Nor heeded they who suffer'd;
 From large concerns--- and quick returns,
 To make their markets of it,
 Was their intent;--- *f r Cent. per Cent.*
 Is no unpleasing profit.

The BAKERS soon began to feel,
 An inconvenience rising;
 The BUTCHERS swore by pointed steel,
 It claim'd their advertizing;
 And when they at the CASTLE met,
 Their CHAIRMAN flatly told us,
 That bread nor meat---at any rate,
 For DOLLARS would be sold us.

The DRAPERS, DRUGGISTS, PUBLICANS,
 And GINGERBREAD CONTRACTORS,
 In council met to state their plans,
 And disconcert the Factors;
 Debates went on---both PRO and CON
 A motley throng attended;
 A deal was said, but nothing done,
 And thus the business ended.

COMMUTATION.

Tone---When summer Days were long and fair,

HOW happy for that COMPANY,
 How chearfully protected,
 Whose dividend turn'd out to be
 Much greater than expected:
 But if to bankruptcy allied,
 And drove to desperation,
 Pray is not justice thrown aside,
 To cry up COMMUTATION.

Not those who through the ham-bug saw,
 Could possibly avoid it;
 Poor tradesmen at this partial law
 May grin, but must abide it;
 For in respect to Window Lights,
 Observe the innovation,
 They make those pay who ne'er drank tea,
 And call it COMMUTATION.

Within the India-House, a band
 Of avaritious jugglers,
 As ripe for mischief underhand,
 As any gang of smugglers,
 Assembled, and for int'rest sake,
 Embrac'd the blest occasion,
 Fine bargains thinking all to make,
 By means of COMMUTATION.

Fresh acts are made, and many too,
 So little comprehended,
 That doubtless some their best will do,
 To get 'em chang'd or mended;
 Of business, 'stead of keen dispatch,
 They cause a strange retarding,
 For few their depth can trace besides
 Young PITT and PEPPER ARDEN.

Of one new act, when seeming bent,
 To get an explanation,
 A Tradesmen to a Lawyer went,
 Of rank and reputation;
 The case, in vain, he strove t'explain,
 Walk'd ten times round his garden,
 Then tore the book, and fetch'd a look,
 As gruff as PEPPER ARDEN.

Th' Attorney General of the Crown
 Has work enough, no doubt, Sir,
 To lay the laws concisely down,
 And make 'em clearly out, Sir;

Tho'

Tho' tax on tax is still our lot,
 The State which ne'er suffices,
 Yet none our palates make so hot,
 As PEPPER ARDEN's spices.

Be-pepper'd as we must be still,
 With taxes fix'd at random,
 A congress of uncommon skill
 Requires to understand 'em ;
 To spur more COALITIONS on,
 I'll toast the Cinque Ports WARDEN,
 His faithful friend JACK ROBINSON,
 Young PITT and PEPPER ARDEN.

The FEMALE CANVASSER ; on the WEST- MINSTER ELECTION.

Tune--- Jack the brisk young Drummer.

WHEN Charles in contest hard was run,
 And something more than drinking,
 Was judg'd expedient to be done,
 To keep the cause from sinking ;
 The fairest Fair of Westminster,
 Her brilliant standard rearing,
 The dubious kind, of votes to bind,
 Set out electioneering.

Not more amaz'd were some than pleas'd.
 To see her Grace of Devon ;
 How must she strike, who looks so like,
 A Goddess dropt from heaven !
 On common ground, when agents found
 No prospect of succeeding,
 Deep game to plan, of course began,
 The female art of pleading.

'Twas

'Twas in a dram-shop near the Strand,
 No matter who the keeper,
 It seems the Duchefs by the hand
 Had ta'en a chimney-sweeper;
 Whilst glafs for glafs, *bob-nobbing* pass'd,
 In transports o'er his bumper,
 "I must be free; a kiss," says he,
 "Will gain Charles Fox a plumper."

The freedom which he took, 'tis clear,
 She not a rush regarded;
 His vote was all, the joke was fair,
 And that her pains rewarded;
 For when he on the hustings sprung,
 He gave the board a thumper,
 Then wav'd his brush, and boldly sung,
 "I give Charles Fox a plumper."

The Covent-Garden nymphs of trade,
 Observing this manœuvre,
 For joy huzza'd, and, smiling, said,
 "Sir Cecil is done over;
 "Alike her study is to please,
 "The port and porter-drinker;
 "Nor more respect a goldsmith pays,
 "Than what she does a tinker."

A groupe of dames, with borrow'd names,
 And dress'd in men's apparel,
 Poll'd twice told o'er, and roundly swore,
 That Fox should wear the laurel;
 By faces stain'd, and voices feign'd,
 Such numbers 'scap'd detection,
 That many said, among the dead,
 There'd been a resurrection.

Ye scrutineers, to ease your cares,
 Away with slight objections;
 Say what ye will, 'tis female skill,
 That conquers at elections;

In

In warm disputes the case is plain,
 And he who's much concern'd, Sir,
 His fav'rite object to obtain,
 Must nothing leave unturn'd, Sir.

The GAME LAWS.

Tune---Push about the brisk Bowl.

TO the sports of the field,
 Since mankind mostly yield,
 And thousands the exercise claim;
 To speak about that
 Which puzzles the State,
Ifing of the laws of the Game.

If affairs we turn o'er,
 The year eighty-four
 Displays parliamentary fame;
 Many strange acts were sign'd,
 But the strangest we find,
 Is that which relates to the Game.

The national debt,
 To reduce or defeat,
 Our Senators, think what a shame't
 Half the pains never take,
 Or disturbances make,
 As they do about killing the Game.

That the birds safe may be,
 Ev'ry sessions we see,
 Their GUARDIANS at something fresh aim;
 But each act, instead
 Of preserving, 'tis said,
 Destructive turn out to the Game.

Penal laws to enforce,
 Make matters still worse,

Many

Many manors (then think who's to blame)
 Old sportsmen beat round,
 Not a bird to be found,
 And Gentlemen buy their own Game.

Reason's bounds are o'er-run,
 When those wise laws we shun,
 Which nature thought proper to frame;
 For what greater right,
 Has a Duke, Lord, or Knight,
 Than any one else to the Game?

Those subtle encroachers,
 The artful night-poachers,
 At every fresh act that is got,
 Will prick up their ears,
 For the birds will be theirs,
 Without using powder or shot.

We've a Parliament new,
 And taxes not few,
 For all to be tax'd must submit;
 Much deceiv'd they must be,
 Who at once thought to see
 Their grievances drown'd in a Pitt.

Tho', Billy, 'tis known,
 The mischief was done
 Before you had hold of the reins;
 Yet the burthens you've laid,
 Bear so hard upon trade,
 Most bitterly Commerce complains.

On dogs a smart tax,
 Not a sportsman would vex,
 Next year, if the budget 'twill suit;
 Let that be the last

We're to have, and what's past
 We'll pardon, and thank you to boot.

Written

Written on the Day of Thanksgiving for a general Peace.

Tune—Two Welchmen partners in a Cow, &c.

THANKSGIVING days so rarely come,
So long time since the last,
The people quite forgot the mode,
And kept it as a Fast.

In Chatham's time a general joy
On such occasions spread,
But stead of bonfires nothing now
But dulness is display'd.

Our quarrels have subided,
And pride has had its fall;
Else not the war had certainly,
Made beggars of us all.

Tune---Ye Warwickshire Lads and ye Lasses.

The people were seiz'd with a phrenzy,
Half the land caught the mad influenza!
And England must rue for that ill-fated star,
Which brought on that infamous ill-managed war.
Ill-managed war,
Taxes are

The *blessed* effects of th' AMERICAN war.

A peace---if I have not mistook it,
CHARLES Fox said he'd one in his pocket;
But being in temper much ruffled, his own
He'd neither produce nor let SHEL BURNÉ's alone;
SHEL BURNÉ's alone,
Angry grown!

He'd neither have SHEL BURNÉ's nor out with his own,

At any rate peace was the cry, Sir,
When obtain'd think what faults they espy, Sir,
Not the PLAN half so much as the PLANNER they scan,
And the work is condemn'd cause they envy the man;

Envy

Envy the man,
Not the plan,
And the work is condemn'd cause they envy the man.

No object was ever more wanted,
Yet soon as the blessing was granted;
A legion of parties united attend,
To run down what none had the power to mend;
Power to mend,
All attend,
To run down what none had the power to mend.

Tune--- Drink and set your hearts at rest.

Sons of trade for mirth prepare,
Banish sadness, banish care;
With your fires who ne'er look'd back,
Courage tho' they scorn'd to lack;
When they found affairs go wrong,
Quarrels ending—thus they sung—
“ Drink and set your hearts at rest,
“ Of a bad bargain make the best.”

War at best makes evils flow,
Public debts and taxes grow,
And commotions will create,
When ambition sways the state:
Since for what's been spent in vain,
'Tis a folly to complain;
“ Drink and set your hearts at rest,” &c.

Tune--- Come ye party jangling Swains.

Now no more to distant lands,
Britain wafts her hostile bands;
Pleasing sounds abroad are spread,
Commerce rears her drooping head;
And to crown the peasant's toil,
All around does plenty smile.

Through the land may gladness reign,
And HIBERNIA catch the strain;

M

In

In our PORTS for every wind,
Kind that blows may Britons find
Vessels with their sails unfurl'd---
Trade and peace with all the world.

On the TREATY of COMMERCE.

Tune---Bright Phœbus has mounted the Chariot of Day.

THE Genius of England had long droop'd her head,
And the cry of the kingdom was---Commerce is fled,
The scene to reverse, expectations beat high,
A TREATY is sign'd which to thousands gives joy.

CHORUS.

Then away with despair, arts and artists shall thrive,
And England, Old England, see commerce revive.
Since kingdom with kingdom seem fond to unite,
Fair and square make their terms, and keep all right and
tight,
We'll drink to each other, nor longer seem strange,
And freely OLD STINGO for CLARET exchange.

Chorus---Then away, &c.

French wines we'll encourage the work to complete,
And barter steel chains for the brandy that's near;
By SOLIDS for FLUIDS in traffic obtain,
BURGUNDY for buckles, for buttons CHAMPAIGNE.

Chorus---Then away, &c.

Success to both kingdoms, to Ireland the same,
The Right Boys and White Boys I trust she'll reclaim;
If not, may they quickly be sent clear away,
With SWINDLERS and SMUGGLERS to BOTANY BAY.

CHORUS.

Then away with despair, arts and artists shall thrive,
And England, old England see Commerce revive.

STATE GAME: or, the ROAD to CHURCH PREFERMENT.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs.

COME, come, my boys, the sport pursue,
Statefmen have glorious game in view,
THURLOW, the leader of the chace,
Danger was ne'er afraid to face.

Hark to his call,
PLACE-HUNTERS all,
Great are his talents, great his wishes,
All to his sway,
Tribute must pay,
Who mean to share the LOAVES and FISHES.

When death his fatal dart dispatch'd,
And from his See a BISHOP snatch'd;
Eager to gain the holy prize,
The LEARNED LORD in rapture cries!
Haste, brother, haste,
The die is cast,
DURHAM has charms, embrace the hour,
Rouze at the word!
'Twill joy afford,
It shall be thine, for mine's the power.

When BILLY PITT saw what was done,
Whose turn of course must needs come on,
He watch'd his points, for t'was his plan,
To serve his truly PRETYMAN;

LINCOLN shall be
Reserv'd for thee,
PRETYMAN will I be a friend to;
Say what men will,
Spite of their skill,
MERIT to INT'REST still must bend to.

Tho' some whose hearts on game are set,
Do what they will, ne'er forward get;

M a

This

This pretty YOUTH with little pains,
Leaps o'er the heads of all the DEANS.

Right or right not,
Let this be thought,
It will be so whoever King is;
Still to make good
PREFERMENT's road,
A friend at Court the only THING is.

OXFORD with keen and envious eye
This partial dealing must espy;
Of SWEETS which soften anxious cares,
CAMBRIDGE a double portion shares;

Fortune to reap,
Fond of the leap,
LORD NORTH, who finger'd once the treasure,
Play'd just the same
Self-pleasing game,
And tipt his brother WINCHESTER MEASURE.

HUNTERS through life mankind appear,
Some hunt the FOX, and some the HARE,
TRADESMEN in quest of honest fame,
Hunting of pelf find tedious game;

Int rest of course
Will have its force,
DIVINES, its strength who reconnoitre,
Say, 'tis in church,
Both game and lurch,
And at one deal can win a mitre.

BOTANY BAY.

Tune---A Cobler there was.

A WAY with all whimsical bubbles of air,
Which only excite a momentary stare;
Attention to plans of utility pay,
Weigh anchor and steer towards BOTANY BAY.

Let

Let no one think much of a trifling expence,
 Who knows what may happen a hundred years hence;
 The loss of America what can repay?
 New colonies seek for at BOTANY BAY.

O'er Neptune's domain how extensive the scope!
 Of quickly returning how distant the hope!
 The CAPS must be doubled, and then bear away,
 Two thousand good leagues to reach BOTANY BAY.

Of those *precious* souls which for nobody care,
 It seems a large cargo the kingdom can spare;
 To ship a few hundreds off make no delay,
 They cannot too soon go to BOTANY BAY.

They go of an island to take special charge,
 Much warmer than Britain, and ten times as large;
 No Custom-house duty, no freightage to pay,
 And tax-free they'll live when at BOTANY BAY.

This garden of Eden, this new promis'd land,
 The time to set sail for is almost at hand;
 Ye worst of land-lubbers, make ready for sea,
 There's room for you all about BOTANY BAY.

As scores of each sex to this place must proceed,
 In twenty years time---only think of the breed;
 Major Semple, should Fortune much kindness display,
 May live to be king over BOTANY BAY.

For a general good, make a general sweep,
 The beauty of life is good order to keep;
 With night-prowling hateful disturbers away,
 And send the whole tribe into BOTANY BAY.

Ye chiefs who go out on this naval exploit,
 The work to accomplish, and set matters right;
 To IRELAND be kind, call at CORK on your way,
 And take a few WHITE BOYS to BOTANY BAY.

Commercial arrangements give prospect of joy,
 Fair and firm may be kept ev'ry national tie;
 And mutual confidence those who betray,
 Be sent to the bottom of BOTANY BAY.

The CONVICTS' DEPARTURE.

Tune---Early one morn a jolly brisk Tar.

WHAT if the parting day is at hand,
 Never at fate be railing,
 Though from a rich and plentiful land,
 We must be quickly sailing;
 Let not our bosoms fear display,
 Future events concerning,
 Though we are going to BOTANY BAY,
 Never from thence returning.

Food that's as good as heart can wish,
 Soon may be there acquir'd,
 Finest of FOWL, and sweetest of FISH,
 What can be more desir'd?
 Labour apart---where every day
 Nature is kindly giving,
 Plenty to have, and nothing to pay,
 That is the land to live in.

We'll not for England care a pin,
 If when abroad well treated,
 Give us good store of Holland's gin,
 Then is the work compleated.
 Care who the great ones will attend,
 Seldom the mind perplexes,
 When thro' the year there's no demand
 Either for RENT or TAXES.

Laws which made here the MAKERS shame!
 Every year want mending;
 When afar off about the GAME,
 There will be no contending;
 PHEASANTS, and DUCKS, and HARES we'll kill,
 All with the sport delighted,
 And not a soul, go where he will,
 Ever shall be indited.

Having

Having these glorious things in view,
 Why any dread at starting,
 Hang'd be the wretch whose heart can shew
 Any regret at parting;
 Over the waves our course we'll bend,
 Glad the fond hope to cherish,
 Better to range in a foreign land,
 Than in a prison perish.

The BUDGET without any TAX.

Tune---Rural Felicity.

THE tables are turning, rejoice at the measure,
 No kind of fresh burthens are laid on our backs;
 We've got what must give ev'ry Englishman pleasure,
 A BUDGET without one additional TAX.

CHORUS.

Whilst DUTCHMEN are wrangling,
 Disputing and jangling,
 Let BRITONS enjoy the sweet comforts of peace,
 Come---see---blest unanimity,
 Surest of means to make TAXES decrease.

The realm ev'ry year finds her finances mending,
 And will, if no broils lead the kingdom astray;
 Let PRUSSIA and FRANCE, if they like, be contending,
 But ENGLAND, I hope, will keep out of the fray.

Chorus---Whilst Dutchmen, &c.

On TRADE as the source of our welfare depending,
 All over the globe keep the object in view;
 With every STATE may a good understanding,
 Be GOVERNMENT's true and grand plan to pursue.

Chorus---Whilst Dutchmen, &c.

MYNHEERS may be factious, and grief sore have stung 'em,
 For us when in trouble but little they car'd,

GEORGE

GEORGE GORDON...and welcome...may make one am
'em,

No man in this kingdom can better be spar'd.

CHORUS.

Whilst DUTCHMEN are wrangling,
Disputing and jangling,
Let BRITONS enjoy the sweet comforts of peace,
Come---see---blest unanimity,
Surest of means to make TAXES decrease.

The INDIA BILL. A CONSTITUTIONAL
SONG.

Tune...The Vicar of BRAY.

THE Grecian bards may sing about
The laws of ancient Sparta,
Fair Albion's sons conclusion draw,
Respecting MAGNA CHARTA;
But since the date (in Runny Mead)
Of sacred protestations,
In English history we read,
Of forty innovations,

CHORUS.

And this is truth, I will maintain,
Tho' minds may be divided;
That men in power, let who will reign,
By interest will be guided.

From annual custom Parliament,
Elections made TRIENNIAL;
That period being thought too short,
They then became SEPTENNIAL,
And by the very same resolves
Which right so oft erases,
They might as well have further gone,
And fix'd for life their places.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

In

In George the Third's illustrious reign,
There soon commenc'd a squabble,
Scotch politics were introduc'd,
And faction fir'd the rabble;
Electors with contempt and scorn,
Were by th' elected treated,
And Parliament on WILKES's lap,
Caus'd LUTTRELL to be seated.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

But when the times had veer'd about,
Observe what deviation;
When FOX was IN, and NORTH was OUT,
What wond'rous alteration;
The records from the shelf were fetch'd,
Where law had often rotted;
And what twelve years had stood the test,
Was from the Journals blotted.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

A patriotic legion next,
Appear'd with zeal unshaken;
Crown Influence to render less,
Uncommon pains were taken;
But when snug places many got,
And some were ~~Peers~~ created,
They strove t'enforce the very plan
They'd so much reprobated.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The various turns and shifts to see,
Surpriz'd each honest heart is;
When COALITION measures form'd
A piebal d train of parties;
They snatch'd the reins from Majesty,
A daring usurpation;
And made him chose a Ministry
Against his inclination.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The

The keenest wits in daily print,
Are now each other lashing;
The deepest sages of the law,
In sentiment are clashing;
Since pro and con the Houses run,
And things appear mysterious,
The CHARTER'D RIGHTS of ENGLISHMEN
Are render'd too precarious.

Chorus---And this is truth, &c.

The India Bill full two to one,
The Common's pass'd with pleasure;
The Lords---when rumour'd that the Crown
Was hostile to the measure;
Obedient to the nod of Power,
Of Charters made a handle;
And d---m---'d the Bill at midnight hour,
By bell, book, fire, and candle.

CHORUS.

And this is truth, I will maintain,
Tho' minds may be divided;
That men in power, let who will reign,
By Interest will be guided.

The JOLLY TRAVELLERS.

Tune---Hark, hark to the Summons.

A WAY with contention, the toast send about,
What matter to us, who is in or who's out;
That commerce may flourish where freedom is found,
Be discord discarded, and politics drown'd.

Our burthens, tho' heavy, we truly may say,
By TRADE all our debts and our taxes we pay;
'Tis Britain's SHEET ANCHOR, that stamina bright,
Which holds in one chain every social delight.

With

With hearts light as air, when their bodies are found,
The sons of fair commerce trip over the ground,
The arts to encourage they range the world o'er,
Each climate survey, every region explore.

At evening's approach, when their rounds they have beat,
How happy, how joyous each other to meet;
Good humour to cherish, all minds are afloat,
And each does his utmost true mirth to promote.

Tune---Welcome, welcome, brother Debtor.

Tho' we chearfully together,
Uncontroul'd the evening pass,
In the morn to brave the weather,
Of our hardships think, alas!
Fear disdaining to discover,
Tho' the north winds keenly blow!
Go we must, and venture over,
Beds of ice and fields of snow.

When in depth of hoary winter,
Darkness spreads her mantle round,
O'er the dreary heath we venture,
Where no beaten track is found;
What tho' hard the fates declare it,
What if fears the mind beset:
'Tis our duty, we must bear it,
'Twould a folly be to fret.

Tune---Hark, hark away, away to the Downs.

Soon as we reach the happy spot,
Toils of the day are then forgot,
The hostler, host, and chambermaid,
Delight to see the sons of trade;
Chat with a friend,
Then recommend
Patterns---you no where better can see
Search kingdoms through,
All must allow,
Birmingham beats the world for fancy.

Bowling

Bowling along the broad highway,
 Once on a pleasant summers day,
 Four jolly souls by many known,
 Chance in the way it seems had thrown;
 One my good, Sir,
 From Manchester,
 Warwickshire foil produc'd another,
 Up to 'em made,
 A Sheffield blade,
 And clos'd the rear with a Wiltshire Clothier.

Manchester boasts of Ververets,
 And plenty of good orders gets,
 Wiltshire for Drabs finds traffic kind,
 Sheffield has Knives and Scissars to grind;
 Buttons in taste,
 Coat, link, and breast,
 Neat plated Buckles, oval and square, Sir,
 All fashions try,
 But mark how you buy,
 For hard and sharp in Birmingham ware, Sir.

Now as the social cup goes round,
 Seated on Nature's friendly ground,
 Party we'll in oblivion drown,
 This be the toast the night to crown---
 Spite of our foes,
 Quickly may those,
 Freedom and peace who wish to nourish,
 Hearty and free,
 All live to see,
 Taxes decrease and commerce flourish.

HARVEST

H A R V E S T H O M E.

Tune---Come haste to the Wedding.

C O M E lay by the sickle till next summer season,
Our hopes are compleated, our harvest is crown'd;
To recompence labour 'tis nothing but reason,
With heart-giving cheer shall the pitcher go round.

C H O R U S.

Then let us be joyous,
For what should annoy us,
Since nature her usual kindness out-tops;
Come, see, rural festivity,
Peasants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.
No words to the ear of a peasant are sweeter,
More pleasing no sound than to hear H A R V E S T H O M E;
The banquet of mirth is an English *Champetre*,
Where all drink success to the plough and the loom.
Chorus--- Then let us be joyous, &c.

To ripen the grain Summer never felt warmer,
For last year's defect, what an ample supply!
Without any cause we are too apt to murmur,
For Britons the choicest of blessings enjoy.
Chorus--- Then let us be joyous, &c.

The arts who've long droop'd, peace and plenty possessing,
New life from the year eighty-three will derive;
Throughout the whole kingdom a prospect so pleasing,
Gives vigour to trade, and makes commerce revive.
Chorus--- Then let us be joyous, &c.

The earth teems with plenty, our blessings are many,
To comfort the hearts of the labouring poor,
Who look for a pound of good bread for a penny,
They can't expect less, and they ask for no more.
Chorus--- Then let us be joyous, &c.

To mirth so compleat no intruders e'er break in,
No souls for a while can be happier seen;

N

We

We dance, sing, and drink to all friends round the Wrekin,
Our sweethearts, our wives, and long life to the Queen.

CHORUS.

Then let us be joyous,
For what should annoy us,
Since nature her usual kindness out-tops;
Come see, rural festivity,
Peasants rejoicing o'er plentiful crops.

The GENERAL ELECTION.

Tune---Shawnbree.

DISSOLUTION's the word, and the writs are all out,
Every man to his station;
Hark! what a rattle, and see what a rout,
Proceeds from this sudden occasion:
Fair FREEDOM's the sound, that is echo'd around,
And *drinking*, to shew firm affection,
Is the old English fun, that is still carried on,
At every *General Election*.

Bankers and Brokers leave London in haste,
A love for their country pretending;
And greedy *Contractors*, of Boroughs in quest,
To *Tinkers* and *Tailors* are bending;
Fine words are display'd, fair promises made,
But when the grand work is effected,
Till six years are gone, out of twenty scarce one,
See the *Places* for which they're elected.
Strange *ups* and *downs* have a few weeks display'd,
Changing for worse or for better;
Soon on their backs BURKE and CRUGER were laid,
Than *Bristol* few *Contests* were greater:
What long time ago, at *Stafford* was known,
Poor WHITWORTH has felt to his sorrow;
That mere *weight of metal* the business will settle,
And always make sure of the *Borough*.

Cowentry

Coventry Lions outrageous are grown
 Nor is there a soul that will doubt it;
Windows they break, knock the *Constables* down,
 And swear they know nothing about it:
 These *Knights of the Blue*, when the blood's heated, shew
 So much of the *Bedlam* complexion,
 That those most of all, who for *Liberty* bawl,
 Turn *savage* at every *Election*.

In *E'sham's* sweet vale, 'twere a very hard heat,
 And *KEPPEL*, though jockey'd at *Windsor*,
 On *Guildford's* fair plains his antagonist beat,
 And the *knowing-ones* deeply took in, Sir:
SIR WATKIN may frown, and well be cast down,
 Hearty lads for the cause did he muster;
 But spite of their skill, let them do what they will,
 He always is jockey'd at *Wor'ster*.

Warwickshire Lads, to their honour be't said,
Independence have ever supported;
 Ne'er may so noble a cause be betray'd,
 Or its interest ever deserted:
 The free *Sons of Trade*, by unity sway'd,
 Display such a powerful connexion;
 When contests arise, 'tis the *BIRMINGHAM BOYS*,
 That always can crown an *Election*.

PARLIAMENT WAKE.

Tune---Of Heroes and Statesmen I'll just mention four.

HARK, hark to the call!—*DISSOLUTION's* the word,
 Which doubtless will pleasure to thousand's afford;
 The young and the aged, the clown and the rake,
 All sing, drink, and chat about Parliament Wake.

This sound both the *LAWYER* and *INN-KEEPER* cheers,
 And poor working *Burgeses* prick up their ears;

N 2

For

For these are the men who the most of it make,
And alw ays seem fond'est of Parliament Wake.

The Candidate, pliant as mortal can be,
Solicits your vote independent and free;
And those by the hand will he lovingly shake,
Which he never comes near but at Parliament Wake.

To keep in good humour the thoughtless and vain,
All parties no doubt ev'ry effort will strain,
But the trouble and cost will make many hearts ache,
Before they have waded through Parliament Wake.

Now through the whole kingdom the matter is plain,
Confusion and riot for two months will reign;
The people at large of the sport will partake,
And cash become current at Parliament Wake.

By measures pursu'd, till of late never seen,
Too much public business impeded has been;
'Tis hop'd such proceedings the house will forsake,
And a general reform follow Parliament Wake.

PATROLLING.

Tune.---Moggy Lauder.

FOR lenity let who will plead,
To them I'd give no quarter,
In dead of night who shops invade,
And break through brick and mortar;
But hoo this prode of villainy,
To conquer is the matter;
PATROLLING is the remedy,
These cannot be a better.

A good look out there must be had,
Nor can we do without it;
I wish to see—the bold and free,
Set heartily about it;

Few

Few rascals in the night for prey,
Will in the streets be prowling;
When men of real property,
Take pleasure in PATROLLING.

At CASTLE BROMWICH-t'other day,
For want of vigils keeping,
Two villains fought their hidden prey,
Where thirteen souls were sleeping;
It much amaz'd both poor and rich !
Who stood with eyes uplifted !
When told what from the *magic switch*,
So dext'rously was shifted.

It must be cruel they have said,
Who feign would not assemble,
To send the women up to bed,
And then abroad to ramble;
But they who bear the name of men,
Will not be heard to grumble,
Though like MAIL COACHES now and then,
They get a roll and tumble.

Patrolling at a trifling cost,
Will answer I'll engage it;
To aid the plan—be this the toast,
What Briton but will pledge it?
To those whose deeds will stand the test,
A lasting preservation;
Throughout the world, to all the rest,
A speedy reformation.

The BISHOPS turn'd NAVIGATORS;

A Song, on the Worcester intended Canal Bill being
thrown out of the House of Peers.

Tune—The chace of Kilruddy.

NAVIGATION's a lottery frequently had,
And some it makes chearful, and some it makes sad;
STOURPORT and HAMPTON rejoicing have been,
Whilst others elsewhere have been deeply took in;
CANALS pay so well, can it wonder excite,
Why some to get fresh ones so fondly unite,
For why, tell me why! should a few private elves,
Engross the good things of the world to themselves.

That PIT-COAL's a blessing will not be deny'd,
For ever with us may that blessing abide,
But whilst we have plenty, and plenty to spare,
Is it right that our neighbours should not have a share?
But think with what strange apprehensions it fills,
The owners of lands and the owners of mills!
Whose anger was rais'd to a very high pitch,
At what many said would have been a DRY DITCH.

Delays on the Severn for commerce make bad,
There should, and there must be a regular trade,
But if I'm not greatly deceiv'd in my aim,
The Marquis of Staffordshire play'd a fly game;
Spectators might well with amazement be fill'd,
When heaps of lawn sleeves in the house they beheld:
The scene was alarming, for all of us know,
The *lumber troop* always with ministry go.

A contest so great on a mere private bill,
With wonder must many undoubtedly fill,
A dozen RIGHT REY'RENDS object to the plan,
And strong NAVIGATORS commence to a man;
Providing a war very soon should take place,
Our monarch I hope will consider the case,

Think,

Think, think GRACIOUS GEORGE of the BISHOPS I pray,
One half keep at home---let the rest go to SEA.

LANDAFF's learned PRELATE as public prints tell,
In chymics and nautics but few can excel,
Instead of the MITRE---of many the jest,
Let the ANCHOR or COMPASS appear for his CREST;
But think not the CLOTH I would wish to disgrace,
Not one should have less than a COMMODORE's place,
And why not to figure in KEPPEL's next wake,
The PRIMATE OF YORK a VICE ADMIRAL make.

Int'rest the bill through the lower house bears,
And int'rest 'tis said threw it out of the PEERS;
Our hopes tho' once baffled again shall revive,
A fig for the calls, keep the spirit alive;
Rouze, rouse! ye COMMITTEE MEN every one,
Fear not in the end but the work will be done,
And if you compleatly would manage affairs,
Take care that the BISHOPS are furnish'd with SHARES.

INLAND NAVIGATION.

*Tune---*Nancy Dawson.

FROM pinching cold when friends retire,
The pleasant pit-coal parlour fire,
For sprightly mirth creates desire,
And brightens conversation.
The earth affords of fuel store,
Our SLUCIES run from shore to shore,
And what for Commerce has done more,
Than INLAND NAVIGATION?

Support each laudable design,
Fresh LEVELS take---extend the LINE,
And hardest rocks to undermine,
If need make preparation.

From

From SEVERN to the Isis go,
Delve on, my boys, it must be so,
The life and soul of commerce now
Is INLAND NAVIGATION.

To smooth the way from place to place,
And fair SABRINA's tide embrace,
The land would soon a million raise,
If wanted for the occasion ;
Their zeal so great, their minds so free,
OLD NEPTUNE would have smil'd to see,
The SONS of TRADE so chearfully,
Promoting NAVIGATION.

Advent'rous hearts who plough the main,
From unknown lands to wealth obtain,
The name of COOK (untimely slain)
Must hold in veneration ;
To distant climes by choice went he,
To nobly serve posterity,
And lost his life in gloriously !
Extending NAVIGATION.

Strike out ye vessels, brave each stream,
And boldly at fresh markets aim,
For shy of late our neighbours seem,
And cramp't is exportation ;
Let FRANCE in *air* her feats display,
On *land*, the EMPEROR boast his sway,
BRITANNIA's empire is the *sea*,
Her pride---free NAVIGATION.

To render commerce more complete,
Where long the ARTS have fix'd their seat,
May plans for greatest service meet
The warmest approbation ;
With fervent zeal the cause to bless,
Around the board fill every glass,
And in a brimmer drink success,
To INLAND NAVIGATION.

The BOWLING-GREEN FESTIVAL.

Tune---The general Election.

I N life's merry round---with hearts that are found,
 When subject to no innovations;
 A Bowling-green feast---is surely the best,
 And finest of all recreations;
 On WORCESTERSHIRE plains---where harmony reigns,
 If truly inviting the weather,
 For mirth all inclin'd---you'll frequently find,
 Good souls, a round hundred together.

On ven'son that's fine---how glorious to dine,
 WILL SHAKESPEARE would thieve it, they tell us;
 And doubtless the BARD---paid a special regard,
 To feasting with hearty good fellows;
 Let niggards hum-drum-- keep glouting at home,
 Themselves and their families starving,
 Whilst open and free---the lovers of glee,
 The good things of nature are carving.

Pleasure in horse-racing often is found,
 None will deny the assertion;
 To see the bold ROCKINGHAM sweep o'er the ground,
 To many gives noble diversion;
 But when on the green---a party is seen,
 To festive enjoyments invited,
 Tho' rubs will ensue---when bowling's in view,
 All---all with the sport are delighted.

Come, throw off the JACK---nor of playing be slack,
 And mark well its different traces;
Flee, flee, and beware---rub, rub, and forbear,
 Are bowling-green jocular phrases;
 LEIGH SINTON's the village, where every year,
 We meet to be friendly and joyous,
 From feasting, my worthies, there's nothing to fear,
 So the HEAD's not too much on the BIAS.

Tho'

Tho' strange it may seem, not to look at the cost,
 In WOR'STER 'tis roundly asserted,
 To a poor WIDOW's grief, that a bowling-green must,
 To a *Vinegar-yard* be converted:
 The DEAN in his mind---tho' worldly inclin'd,
 In a *spiritual* light may review it,
 But a VINEGAR SAINT---what language can paint,
 'T would puzzle a BISHOP to do it.

When the heart's blithe and gay---old sages will say,
 Time's precious---let no one misuse it,
 And as freedom's our boast---I'll offer a TOAST,
 And I think not a soul will refuse it;
 "To those hearty cheer---for each other each year,
 "Whose friendship grows warmer and warmer,
 "And a good roll-about---in a tub of SOUR crout,
 "To every notorious INFORMER."

The PAVIERS. A BIRM—GM CANTATA.

Tune---The Maid of the Mill for me.

THE stout rustic blade that can handle a spade,
 And willing to stir from home,
 By care if beset---employment to get,
 Need only to Birmingham come;
 The bluff Paddy-whack, with no coat to his back,
 That hither may chance to steer,
 Encouragement meets---for CHURCHES and STREETS &
 Perpetually want repair.

Observe ev'ry day, how the people flock,
 To peep at what's going on;
 The musical farce of HAMMER and BLOCK,
 Has had an uncommon run;
 The GREAT-ONES devise---the POOR-ONES surmise,
 But ever and every where,
 The medium kind, of people you find,
 The chief of the burthen bear.

Tune

Tune---Prate like a Parrot, a Parrot.

As along the broad way, I happen'd to stray,
 When the High-street was all of a pudding, a pudding;
 To hear the debates, opposition creates,
 I turn'd myself round on a sudden, a sudden;
 Some grumble, some bawl---and many sing small,
 But those whom their int'rest it favours, it favours,
 With pleasure look on, the work that is done,
 And smiling, cry, "God bless the PAVIERS, the PAVIERS."

When near to the SWAN, the Paviers began,
 Their treatment was not quite so civil, so civil;
 The shop-keepers frown'd, cast their eyes on the ground,
 And curs'd both the LINE and the LEVEL, the LEVEL;
 On viewing the whole, cries a good-natur'd soul,
 "In peace tho' I've long been a dweller, a dweller,
 "Who his temper can keep, when they're delving so deep,
 "I'm afraid they'll break into my CELLAR, my CELLAR."

Tune---Sing, I'll maintain of Englishmen.
 Good cattle and good roads, good Sirs,
 I've heard old coachmen say,
 Are things that oft make passengers,
 Look pleasant as the day.

CHORUS.

In life I trust, the maxim's just,
 And has for ages stood,
 That of the two---a PRIVATE view,
 Should yield to PUBLIC good.

My sentiments are frank and free,
 I love my native town;
 And did the matter rest with me,
 I'd have the SHAMBLES down.

Chorus---In life I trust, &c.

Tune---Highgate and Horns.

Off with a bumper, jollity shew,
Cherish all honest endeavours;
Drink to the ARTS, the LOOM, and the FLOW,
And health and success to the PAVIERS.

C H O R U S.

DIG away, PECK away, still may the mind
Daily improvements discover,
And lovers of peace and harmony, find
Good travelling all the WORLD over.

All that we wish is plenty of trade,
LEVIES, though heavy we find 'em,
If ORDERS are kind, and chearfully paid,
Why then not a BUTTON we mind 'em.

Chorus---Dig away, peck away, &c.

The PAVIERS MUSIC.

Tune---The Rakes of Malla.

NOW to labour haste my crony,
Well I like the lad that's bonny,
Birmingham has store of money,
'Tis in vain to prattle;
Our good masters we'll obey,
Toughly tug and toil away,
Bend our backs, and through the day,
Make the stones to rattle.

Of our music taste the marrow,
Now we're at it rantantara,
Pick-axe, hammer, spade, and barrow,
In one cause combining;
Off at score we boldly throw,
Pleasant as the bells of Bow,
Up and down our hammers go,
All in concert joining,

Duty

Duty constantly attending,
Many pleasing, few offending,
Whilst the town that's always mending,

Of no cost is sparing;
Some of Portland quarry brag,
Some the foot path with to flag,
Others say the Rowley rag,
Beats the globe for wearing.

Fly the cann boys, brave the weather,
Clay if not well moisten'd, never
Fast and firm can hold together,
Give the heart enjoyment:

In a large free trading town,
Paviors work is never done,
Taking up and laying down,
That is our employment.

On the wings of fancy rising,
Tradesmen fortunes realizing,
Still be generous, still devising,
And in plenty revel;
Make the land with joy to ring,
Whilst the PAVIERS gladly sing
Things well time, for Time will bring,
All things to a level.

FREEDOM's FAIR GROUND; A SONG on
the TREATY of COMMERCE.

Tune--- Lillies of France.

YE friends to fair freedom, and sons of true-worth,
Who love a few moments devoted to mirth;
To recompence make for the toil of the day,
Allow it all must---there's a time to be gay;
That time to embrace, in the evening resort,
Give pleasure the meeting at COMUS's COURT.

O

We

We meet to be joyous; what's life without cheer?
 And cheerful we will be, care never comes here;
 The earth teems with plenty, profuse are her smiles,
 Great-Britain may still be the happiest of isles;
 And whilst o'er the ocean her vessels shall go,
 Where genius presides, trade is certain to flow.

The prospect how pleasing---of COMMERCE I mean,
 When EDEN returns from the banks of the SEINE;
 May kingdom 'gainst kingdom no more live in spite,
 For both 'twere much better to trade than to fight;
 Keep war at a distance, with wranglers away,
 Disturbers of peace send to BOTANY BAY.

French wines we'll encourage the work to complete,
 And barter steel toys for the brandy that's neat;
 We'll drink to each other no longer seem strange,
 Old STINGO for CLARET we'll freely exchange;
 By SOLIDS for FLUIDS in traffic obtain,
 BURGUNDY for buckles, for buttons champaigne.

Together---for why should distinction be shewn?
 The MERCHANT, the TRADESMAN, and ARTIST sit down;
 'Tis FANCY, bright FANCY---the main spring of trade
 Makes BIRMINGHAM flourish; for this may be said---
 INVENTION is boundless on FREEDOM's fair ground,
 Its equal is not in the world to be found.

JOHN WESLEY'S PROPHECY.

Tune---St. David's Day.

THAT sage Divine, JOHN WESLEY says,
 (I'll not the point contend)
 In eighteen hundred, thirty-six,
 The World will have an end.

Of those uncommon lengths that go,
 Who gospel truths peruse;

I ask

I ask no more than just to know,
From whence he gets his News.

The confirmation may wait,
And some to ease their fears,
Say no such News from Heaven yet,
Has reach'd the Bishops ears.

Few Priests which must from hence be hurl'd,
But longer time would crave,
And many say a better World,
They never wish to have.

Change Brokers whether young or old,
Religion never shocks ;
Or this fore-knowledge greatly would,
Have tumbled down the Stocks.

When England's Lords and Commons have,
With Warren Hastings done ;
For want of time 'tis thought no more,
State Trials will come on.

What strange confusion will be seen,
What fear the mind betray,
When men to save their souls begin,
Estates to give away.

The Lawyers of their fees bereft,
Will all look wond'rous thin ;
Of parchment, when no time is left
To fill another skin.

The plough will rest, the arts be dead,
Each author drop his quill ;
And not a creature stand in need,
Of Esculapian skill.

To banking-houses, sweep foots then,
Will all go uncontroll'd ;
Neglected throw their black flour by,
And fill their bags with gold.

The buskin heroes to a man,
 The world whilst Atlas props;
 Will live as gaily as they can,
 Until the curtain drops.

Since Father Time so very soon,
 His bottom must wind up;
 With dry lips rather than lie down,
 Replenish every cup.

Then let to crown our evening's mirth,
 A toast to those go round;
 Of every sect throughout the earth,
 Whose hearts are true and sound.

SEVEN DEVILS in the TAYLOR.

Tune--- An old Woman cloathed in grey.

SEVEN DEVILS in BRISTOL 'tis said,
 A west country taylor posselt,
 Whoever the story has read,
 Must think it a curious Jest;
 Seven PARSONS who knew how to act,
 A conquest made o'er the whole crew,
 As easy as HUMPHRIES in fact,
 Did over MENDOZA the Jew.

Of what size or shape they may be,
 As dæmons to mischief are prone;
 Mankind will in general agree,
 'Tis enough to be troubled with one;
 GEORGE LUKINS strange things has declar'd,
 And if his own word may be ta'en,
 Of no such a wonder we've heard!
 Since that which arose in Cock Lane.

To arms seven champions train'd,
 Of old mighty feats did obtain;
 By the titular saint of the land,
 The dragon of Wantley was slain;

In print if the tales that appear,
 Serve only our laughter to heighten;
 The TAYLOR of BRISTOL 'tis clear,
 Has outdone the TAYLOR of BRIGHTON.

If George by the death-wound he gave,
 The dragon, could faintship assume;
 What honours ought they not to have,
 Who did seven dæmons o'ercome;
 If truth to the bottom we trace,
 What less as divines can be done;
 Let merit alone weigh the case,
 Make a bishop of every one.

Transactions are sure to occur,
 That will our astonishment raise;
 And tho' we may safely aver,
 That miracles never will cease;
 Whatever the papers announce,
 It must be a cowardly plan,
 To have seven devils at once,
 Attack the ninth part of a man.

Of taylors we're apt to make fun,
 About them we frequently chatter;
 And many when hard they are run,
 Not a button-hole care for the matter
 Then let us when over our bowls,
 Our hearts in true friendship regale;
 And laugh at those credulous souls,
 Who swallow this cock and bull tale.

S O N G.

Tune---The Princess lost her shoe.

GEORGE GORDON by profession,
 Was once a christian found,
 Think what a strange digression,
 The like was never found;
 So rivetted---within his head,
 The Jewish tenets seem,
 The mother Kirk---would find hard work,
 The sinner to reclaim.

C H O R U S.

Doodle doodle doo,
 What will this world come to;
 Who by his look---would e'er have took,
 GEORGE GORDON for a Jew.

This strange eccentric being,
 Too apt to change his road,
 In Birmingham not long since,
 Took up his snug abode;
 The men of faith---in modern GATH,
 Must think his lordship mad,
 To see him run---from CALVIN JOHN,
 And join the tribe of GAD.

C H O R U S.

Doodle doodle doo,
 What will this world come to;
 Eight years ago---would any one,
 Have ta'en him for a Jew.

To London when they brought him,
 His charge to undergo,
 The RABBIES fondly fought him,
 Their homage to avow,
 Nay some who came---that knew his fame,
 With joy enraptur'd said!
 Be slander dumb---here's MOSES come,
 Just risen from the dead.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Doodle doodle doo,
 GEORGE GORDON turning Jew,
 His christian flock---gives such a shock,
 They know not what to do.

What though the law may curb him,
 And perhaps his fears alarm:
 'Twere pity to disturb him,
 He meant no kind of harm;
 To NEWGATE tho' compell'd to go,
 From what has since appear'd,
 At jokes and scoffs---he only laughs,
 And strokes his comely BEARD.

C H O R U S.

Doodle doodle doo,
 The tale tho' strange is true;
 And certainly---Lord George must be
 The JEWEL of a JEW.

The FALSE ALARM.

ABOUT Britain's Monarch how great the Surprise!
 'Twas said 'tother day death had seal'd up his eyes;
 But Heaven be prais'd of his SUN being set,
 There's not such a word in the LONDON GAZETTE.
 And sing Ballinamoni Oro,
 Long life and good health to the King.

If water I drink, be it ever so fine,
 I must have it mingled with brandy or wine;
 And if he recovers 'tis twenty to ten,
 He'll never to CHELTENHAM trip it again.

Sing Bal-----ni Oro,
 A cup of old stingo for me.

'Tis rumour'd about that this mineral spring,
 Lord D-----laid low, and much injur'd the KING,
 But

But well I'm convinc'd---when his SON fills the throne,
Noon or night that he'll never drink water alone.

Chorus---Sing Bal.

'Tis true, sickness frequently seizes the strong,
And often the FACULTY are in the wrong;
But after fatigue, whether subject or king,
Cold water is not for the STOMACH the thing.

Chorus---Sing Bal.

Let men fifty turn'd water drinking refrain,
Take a cup of stout ale, or a glass of Champaign;
Of doctors, the best will this doctrine impart,
Then give me the liquor that comforts the heart.

Chorus---Sing Bal.

In wine let us drink disappointment to those,
Who raise false alarms to disturb our repose;
I wish o'er a bottle, fresh jokes we may crack,
And laugh at the deep SPECULATORS IN BLACK.

Sing Ballinamoni Oro,
A cup of old fingo for me.

A Trip from DUBLIN in search of a REGENT.

An English Song to an Irish Tune.

SIX chosen AMBASSADORS valiant and stout,
In search of a REGENT from DUBLIN set out;
With a Duke in the van, and an Earl in the rear,
Tho' fruitless their errand---what had they to fear?

Sing Ballinamoni Oro,
The great Duke of Leinster for me.

Of greedy place hunters, in England a set,
To forward the matter had previously met,
Great feats to perform---expectations beat high,
But GEORGE's recovery has damp't the dear joy.

Chorus.

Tho' Ireland all kind of intrusion disdains,
In Britain where plenty and chearfulness reigns,
Whate'er may be said---for what tongue can be mute,
Their right to make blunders no soul will dispute.

Chorus.

At CARLTON HOUSE when to the Prince they were shewn,
No Regent appearing---pray what could be done;
The scene must be droll---when at parting they said,
"By St. PATRICK we've taken the tail for the head."

Chorus.

Whate'er these Ambassadors here may have done,
The wits about BULLS will be making their fun;
And some have asserted---their boldness is such,
That six Irish CALVES might have done full as much.

Chorus.

Since fortune their wishes unkind seems to treat,
And longer their ends to obtain they must wait;
What have they to do but return back again,
To be laugh'd at by thousands on both sides the main.

Chorus.

Earl Spencer's new LIVERIES pleasing must be,
Ornamented with REGENCY BUTTONS to see;
And get 'em dy'd black---they'll be useful no doubt,
For his friends at the ELBOWS are plaguily out.

Sing Ballinamoni Oro,

A day of thanksgiving for me

SONG on the REGENCY BILL.

Tune---As I was driving my Waggon one Day.

THE huntsman who goes to the fields with his hounds,
Though healthy at all times can't keep them in bounds,
And should his pursuit a misfortune o'ertake,
The yelpers are sure strange confusion to make.

Just

Just so at the helm, when affairs are not right,
 For treasury trumps, men are ready to fight,
 And PITT I'm afraid who has earn'd honest fame,
 Must throw down his cards and retire from the game.

In the popular days of JOHN WILKES, 'tis well known,
 When the rights of election were trampled upon;
 On politic ground, FOX a champion stept forth,
 And the people he then call'd "the scum of the earth."

In them, say what trust can the kingdom repose,
 Who merely from envy just measures oppose?
 As clear it appears as the sun at noon day,
 For places---they'd all become Vicars of Bray.

The Regency Bill sorely hurts, but alas!
 Necessity pleads, the restrictions must pass;
 For mark to his Highness what SHERIDAN said,
 "'Tis better to have half a loaf than no bread."

'Twould be wrong not to mention LANDAFF's grave divine,
 The subject he treated, and twisted so fine;
 In earnest the House would have thought he appear'd,
 At Lambeth had he not so wishfully leer'd.

Ye wranglers five years who've been laid on your backs,
 By chance of the spoil when you come in for snacks;
 The loaves divide nicely, and give if you can,
 The Northumberland greyhound a sop in the pan.

When BURKE pays the troops, and his friends give him joy,
 Of the King's goodness speak, and he'll make a sham cry,
 For EDMUND a Jesuit's part plays as true,
 As ever old MACKLIN play'd Shylock the Jew.

No son for his fire that retains real love,
 Confidential old servants would wish to remove,
 A brimmer then fill—and with freedom give round,
 "The man true and firm to his trust that is found."

On the ILLUMINATION for his MAJESTY'S
Recovery. A loyal Glee.

Tune---Over the Hills and far away.

QUICKLY ye BARDS your songs prepare,
Let joyful plaudits rend the air;
He who this night to mirth is dead,
Is not a loyal Briton bred.

C H O R U S.

From DOVER's cliffs to ORKNEY isles,
Where freedom reigns and plenty smiles;
This is the heartfelt chearful strain,
"The King enjoys his health again."

Never did sons of commerce meet,
A cause more heartily to greet,
Trace the whole kingdom fairly round,
Never did greater joy abound.

Chorus.

The grave, the gay, the old, and young,
Parade the streets—a motley throng;
The town---and truly be it said,
A scene more brilliant ne'er display'd.

Chorus.

Flush'd with a zeal for social glee,
This wish'd for blest event to see,
Many who OUTWARD forms disdain,
An extra bowl with fondness drain.

Chorus.

Freedom shall have her genuine sway,
Care not the mind controuls to day;
Freely we'll drink, and gladly sing,
Long life and health to GEORGE our King.

C H O R U S.

From DOVER's cliffs, the kingdom through,
With loyal Britons sound and true;
This is the heartfelt chearful strain,
"The King enjoys his health again."

ROYAL

ROYAL FESTIVITY.

YE musical lads and ye lasses,
 Come see what in Wor'stershire passes
 Save Westminster where has the like ever been,
 The King, Queen, and Princesses honour the scene,
 Honour the scene
 King and Queen,
 And Princesses honour the musical scene.

Let Stratford her jubilee boast of;
 Which Garrick no doubt made the most of;
 But now the assertion let who will deny,
 No city with Wor'ster for pleasure can vie,
 Pleasure can vie,
 Mirth enjoy,
 No city with Wor'ster for pleasure can vie.

Behold all around what a cluster,
 Together how fond people muster;
 The swans on the Avon which Fancy espy'd,
 Are geese to the swans on the Severn that glide,
 Severn that glide,
 Wor'ster's pride,
 Are geese to the swans on the Severn that glide.

But what glads the heart of each peasant,
 The corn-fields and orchards look pleasant,
 There's fruit in abundance, and just in its prime,
 And never was seen a more glorious time.
 Glorious time,
 Happy clime,
 And never was seen a more glorious time.

TRIP to CHELTENHAM.

Tune---Away with Contention.

POMONA's sweet climate a visit to pay,
When the trees swell'd with fruit on a long summer's
day;

The King, Queen, and Princesses fondly set out,
No journey besides ever caus'd such a rout.

Tho' George ne'er was farther than Portsmouth before,
What has he to fear on his own native shore;
His absence from Windsor whilst innkeepers mourn,
We'll drink his good health and a happy return.

Elsewhere loyal souls for a few days may weep,
Whilst this Jubilee holds into Bath take a peep;
The CRESCENT and CIRCUS are almost deserted,
No place sure like CHELTENHAM ever was courted.

To many fresh pleasure this royal trip adds,
It gladdens the hearts of the west country lads;
In rapture all haste to the favourite spot,
The Waters of Buxton awhile are forgot.

Nobility often to Tunbridge resort,
But Cheltenham now---thank Sir GEORGE BAKER for't;
Has all other places for water surpass'd,
And week after week is with royalty grac'd.

With loyalty flaming, and firm as a rock,
Not a shepherd at Breedon but runs from his flock;
The roads are all throng'd---old and young, grave and gay,
Are tripping along, for a peep and away.

The Clothiers assemble, and dance, drink and sing,
From the woods the loud echo is---"Long live the King,"
SABRINA's fair banks catch the rapturous sound,
'Tis holiday all the whole country around.

Lest some think you partial, I hope my good *Liege*,
Other parts of the Kingdom you'll strive to oblige;
Next year with your suite to the north trip away,
Mount DERBYSHIRE hills---turn about is fair play.

P

The

The raree SHOW ; or, march to St. PAUL's.

NOW begins the raree show, Sir,
One by one the coaches go, Sir ;

Rang'd with nice and true discretion,
All in solemn slow procession.

People from all counties gazing,
At a scene so highly pleasing ;
Mark the mixture round, the Yeomen,
Lords and Commons, Dukes and Draymen.

Sweeps on tops of chimnies scrambling,
Garretteers from windows rambling,
Viewing from each attick story,
" Solomon in all his glory."

Jews and Gentiles, Turk and Tartar,
Nimning Neds in ev'ry quarter,
Whilst his hold in Newgate keeping
Barrington-lies sorely weeping.

Sailors 'mongst the fond beholders,
Standing on each others shoulders ;
And, amidst the grave thanksgivers,
Archers with their bows and quivers.

London's chief his nag bestriding,
Train-bands three his Lordship guiding ;
Two to guard his naked head, Sir,
And a third his horse to lead, Sir.

Round the choir observe what splendour,
Pomp, magnificence, and grandeur ;
Old St. Paul in brilliance greater
Than was ever Rome's St. Peter !

Pompous tribute 'stead of paying,
Gordon George the whole surveying,
Would have sworn (outrageous growing)
That the King to mass was going.

Bishops swelling like prize-fighters,
With their croziers and their mitres ;
He'd have call'd it mad ambition,
Rank and Romish superstition.

Statesmen

Statesmen much their pates were scratching,
When this raree show was hatching;
Sydney words unmeaning mumbled,
Thurlow in the gizzard grumbled.

Kings---no matter where residing---
Will their hobby-nags be riding;
Who the brilliant fight would hinder?
'Tis a feast for PETER PINDAR!

SONGS *written for the 4th of Nov. 1788.*

UNANIMITY'S CALL.

Tune---Hark away.

REVOLUTION's the sound which to pleasure gives
birth,

To all parts of the land is the summons gone forth!
To Liberty Hall, out of liberty's bowl,
Unanimity welcomes each free hearty soul!

CHORUS.

*Then away to the call, and let gladness abound,
For freedom, fair freedom, shall here keep her ground!*

Again and again let the bottle go round,
And discord from hence in oblivion be drown'd;
Alive keep the cause, what has Britain to fear
When peace crowns her measures, and plenty the year.

Chorus.

Look over the main---take of Europe a view---
With war may old England have nothing to do;
Let JOSEPH the Emperor---once call'd the wise---
Play the fool---if he pleases---and fight till he dies!

Chorus.

May party divisions be now done away,
All ranks and degrees unanimity sway;
For Britain her greatness is sure to maintain
Whilst GEORGE in the hearts of his subjects shall reign!

Chorus.

Once more fill your glasses---what can we do less
Than o'er the whole kingdom to trade drink success?
Happy days may the sons of HIBERNIA see,
And Britons be ever united and free!

CHORUS.

*Then away to the call, be with gladness replete,
For commerce, bright commerce, has here fix'd her seat!*

SONG II.

*Tune---Come then all ye social powers,
BRITISH hearts the call obey,
Rosy health enjoying,
Rouze to joy, and thro' the day
Let FREEDOM's flag be flying.*

CHORUS.

*This is BRITAIN's Jubilee,
Mirth, without obtrusion,
Keeps in pleasing memory
The glorious REVOLUTION.*

Let it be in song replete,
O'er and o'er repeated,
What in sixteen eighty-eight
Our ancestors compleated.

Chorus.

Chace November's gloom away,
Suffer no annoyance,
Care and cloudy looks to-day
Are held in strict defiance.

Chorus.

Still NASSAU's fair fame shall stand
High in estimation
Jubilees throughout the land
Shall crown the glad occasion!

Chorus.

Gladly as we keep the day,
Let the world be told it,
That our children's children may
In bright remembrance hold it.

Chorus,

Whilst the arts with mirth abound,
Trace their rising glory,
And from hence be ever drown'd
The name of WHIG and TORY.

CHORUS.

*Britons all united be,
Guard the constitution
Keeping still in memory,
The glorious REVOLUTION.*

STAGE BOXING.

THE true art of Boxing---the old English game,
Of late to so fond an attention lays claim;
JOHN BULL seems resolv'd to throw bullets aside,
And let by the Fist future contests be try'd.

This art if we turn about forty years back,
Was taught by old BROUGHTON, and practis'd by SLACK;
The CHAMPION was challeng'd---they mounted the stage,
Two more noted Bruisers did never engage.

The conflict was long, and did fiercely begin,
Two to one were the odds---but the odds were ta'en in;
For SLACK by manœuv'ring convinc'd him at length,
That art in the contest was equal to strength.

SLACK's reign was not long---with his match soon he met,
GEORGE TAYLOR, the Barber, who never was beat;
By plumpers well aim'd, in John Bull's crowded pit,
The swaggering Butcher soon made to submit.

Cross-buttocks caus'd laughter, the whole was a treat,
A feast for the VULGAR, and fun for the GREAT;
And CUMBERLAND WILL was as fond of the sport,
As any PRINCE now is that graces the COURT.

MENDOZA.

Tune—The Highland Laddie.

AS tight a lad MENDOZA was,
As ever stoop'd a shoe to buckle;
Yet he on slippery ground alas,
To HUMPHRIES was oblig'd to truckle.

CHORUS.

The fight begins, no fear discern'd is,
And whilst blow for blow return'd is;
Hark how the gazers rant and rattle!
Oh! what a charming thing's a battle.

At first when coming to engage,
The JEW so much did vaunt and vapour;
VESTRIS on the OP'RA STAGE,
Never cut so keen a caper.

Chorus.

The JEWS their fate at ODIHAM mourn'd,
Stage bravadoes when they bet with;
The tables were at STI LTON turn'd,
For HUMPHRIES there his drubbing met with.

Chorus.

Fighting is a glorious trade,
Why at this have any wonder'd?
Snugly when the losing blade,
Guineas good can clear three hundred.

Chorus.

When the betts by sporting keen,
Have to handsome sums amounted;
HUMPHRIES then shall win again.
Turn about fair play is counted.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

The fight begins no fear discern'd is,
 And whilst blow for blow return'd is;
 Hark how the gazers rant and rattle!
 Oh! what a charming thing's a battle.

The PUGILISTS; or, BANBURY THUMPS.

Tune--- Warwickshire Lads.

THE Johnsonian method of fighting,
 To see has been highly delighting,
 And those of good pounds who had hundreds at stake,
 Went fondly from London to Banbury Wake.

Banbury Wake,

Pounds at stake,

And sport in abundance at Banbury Wake.

The rustics by hundreds came flocking,
 Like good fellows met at a cocking;
 And stoutest of colliers were much in the dumps,
 When Johnson began with his Banbury thumps;

Banbury thumps,

Dreadful dumps,

When Johnson began with his Banbury thumps.

Had chance thrown me there for inspection,
 I should not have had an objection,
 A Banbury Cake in my fist to enclose,
 But let me have none of your Banbury blows.

Banbury blows,

Eyes to close,

More *pat* nothing can be than Banbury blows.

I never wish any annoyance
 From those who make boxing a science;
 Their trade to encourage let pugilists fight,
 On the subject I wish nothing more than to write.

Warwickshire

Warwickshire write,
Yorkshire fight,
Keep each to his province, and all may be right.

Mendoza attended they tell us,
Ward, Ryan, and other stout fellows;
The Seconds skipt round, their expertness to shew,
And the two Bottle-holders had something to do.

Something to do,
Game to shew,
And the two Bottle-holders had something to do.

Will Shakespear was famous for writing,
And Johnson gains honour by fighting;
The one is possessing momentary joy,
But never the fame of the other can die.

Never can die,
Fix'd so high,
That never the fame of the other can die.

Tune--- Chase of Kilruddy.

IN Bedworth and Handsworth, one cause to uphold,
'Tis roundly asserted that some people sold
Their pots and their kettles, their pigs and their geese,
In hopes of their treasure the Cockneys to fleece;
Bottom to be all acknowledg'd their men,
But Johnson the champion, stiff George, and Big Ben,
Of skill scientific full proof did impart,
And dodg'd 'em, and teas'd 'em, and conquer'd by art.

Perrins and Jacombs, and Pickard, 'twas said,
Were three chosen heroes, in Warwickshire bred;
Birmingham's nam'd in the prints of the day,
But all is not true that the Londoners say.
Yet since 'tis high time that the subject was lost,
Which all conversation for two months engross'd,
The public I hope to my wish will attend,
And them and their Seconds to Coventry send.

The

The Warwickshire vet'ran whom Johnson made smart,
 In action was manly and honest at heart;
 To many though boxing's become a fine trade,
 Manœuvering his study he never had made;
 And had his opponent stood up like a man,
 Shew'd boldness, and fought on the old English plan,
 Twelve minutes would then have decided the fray,
 And Perrins in triumph have carried the day.

Let those polite arts who would fain recommend
 Their sons to the two Universities send;
 But what are the pupils taught there, when compar'd
 To those which the school of Mendoza hath rear'd!
 Five hundred good guineas in one single year,
 For a learned Divine is a tight sum to clear;
 But a dexterous Pugilist—thing what a gain,
 In one single day can a thousand obtain.

The BIRMINGHAM OVERSEERS.

Tune---How happy a State, &c.

WHILST friendship I boast of, and truth is my guide;
 Of BIRMINGHAM's welfare to sing is my pride;
 Nor is there a town if we search the land o'er,
 That pays a more decent regard to the poor.

OVERSEERS the good things of the world love to taste,
 Of the present to speak---not forgetting the last;
 Unanimity through the whole business appears,
 For why---they were all in the cause VOLUNTEERS.

Years ago vestry-meetings unpleasant were found,
 But now the proceedings with pleasure are crown'd;
 Alteration took place in the year eighty-five,
 And the spirit of office is still kept alive.

Tune

Tune---St. David's Day.

Some years ago, the case was such,
And such the seeming fear;
The Tradesmen then was anger'd much,
When chosen OVERSEER.

The Scene is chang'd—no matter how,
No fear the mind besets;
And he much favour'd must be now,
That into office gets.

So free a spirit is gone forth,
I will be bold to say;
CERTIFICATES in real worth,
Are sinking every day.

For Volunteers their zeal to shew,
So chearfully advance;
That twice this office to go through,
There is no kind of chance.

And social mirth and harmony,
Have taught us to believe;
The next that with O'erseers to be,
Must handsome premiums give.

Tune---Welcome, welcome, &c.

From the sumptuous living met with,
From the joys that freely flow;
Think what grief our bosoms beat with,
Out of place when forc'd to go;
Pity any fond connexion,
Should distress of mind bring on;
When convinc'd on cool reflexion,
That our duty we have done.

Come then every social brother,
Give your drooping spirits ease;
Lasting friendship for each other,
Shall the trouble mind appease;

Hard as some may think our case is,
 Ere twelve months upon us steal,
 Those good souls who fill our places,
 Grief as great as ours may feel.

Tune--- 'Twas at a place call'd Dover in Kent.
 Trace all the the towns the kingdom round,
 One, only one stands fair to view ;
 Where sixty thousand souls are found,
 Govern'd by only CONSTABLES two ;
 Whilst levies eight,
 The work compleat,
 Who of the management can complain ;
 To serve the community,
 Let love and unity,
 Through the whole troubles of office reign.
 Fill the balloon bowl to the brim,
 Every one his glass supply ;
 Hearts that have gain'd our warm esteem,
 Must not be pass'd unnotic'd by ;
 Good friends to toast,
 Is freedom's boast ;
 Let tribute of true respect be shewn,
 To MAGISTRATES duly,
 Who act, and act truly,
 From motives of friendship to serve the Town.
 BIRMINGHAM must---(whose fame shall ring)
 Second in size to LONDON be ;
 Every month fresh houses spring,
 Every year new streets we see ;
 Whilst health remains,
 And plenty reigns,
 We'll drink in a bumper of hearty cheer,
 " Of friendship the lover,
 " And all the world over,
 " To every worthy OVERSEER."

The Extension of TRADE.

Tune--- Then sling the flowing Bowl.

YE British Artists still exert your skill,
And fresh improvements make,
Nor think that trade or freedom ever will
Their ancient seat forsake.

May no deceit
On Commerce wait,
For still my friends
On that depends,
Our greatness as a state.

CHORUS.

Then long as winds shall blow,
Let no free town,
Be e'er cast down,

For this bold truth we know ;
All kingdoms prize,
Our merchandize,

Which round the world shall go.

Whatever states abroad to war may go,
Their blood and treasure spend,
Great Britain, who her int'rest ought to know,
I trust will neuter stand.

Let friendship reign,
The martial strain
Disturb no more
Fair ALBION's shore,

And peace her sons maintain.

Chorus--- Then long as winds, &c.

Let not the means which made Old England great,
Hibernia be deny'd ;

I'll glory in the man whose plan shall get
Both countries satisfied ;

May

May jealousies
For ever cease,
From mutual ties
Glad prospects rise,
And happiness increase.

CHORUS.

Then long as winds shall blow,
Let BRITONS ne'er
Of trade despair,
For this bold truth we know;
All kingdoms prize
Our merchandize,
Which round the world shall go.

PEG NICHOLSON'S KNIGHTS.

Tune---The Grecian Bard.

YE citizens so fond and free,
Of loyal strains preparing,
Who are not in the least degree,
Of adulation sparing;
Come forward since the work, you see,
Admits no hesitation,
The Prince address, who luckily,
Escap'd assassination.

CHORUS.

But this I'll say---by night or day,
No woman in her senses,
Would e'er pretend---to lift her hand,
Against the best of princes,

The name of MARGARET NICHOLSON
Makes some with horror stagger!
What mischief might the jade have done,
Arm'd with a soldier's dagger!

Q

For

For the for man who never car'd,
Her desert weapon pointed,
 And rush'd before the BODY GUARD!
 To strike the Lord's Anointed.

But this observe, in France, I trust,
 For such a flagrant act, Sir,
 Insane or not, the culprit must,
 Have on the wheel been rack'd, Sir;
 Instead of death on Britain's shore,
 For zeal so freely plighted,
 More likely she to cause a score
 Of tinkers to be knighted.

How each levee is throng'd on this
 Miraculous salvation!
 "Rise up Sir James, rise up Sir John,"
 Is echo'd through the nation.
 By ENGLAND when the VAN is clos'd,
 The REAR let SCOTLAND bring up,
 Till one poor Bedlamite has caus'd
 A race of knights to spring up.

The King to cross his favourite nag,
 Whose bosom oft is throbbing,
 Instead of hunting down the stag,
 Now daily knights is dubbing;
 Ye BOROUGH BAILIFFS, whom the crown
 Seems honour fond to heap on,
 Club pence and buy PEG NICHOLSON,
 A feather bed to sleep on.

May they who madly aim to kill,
 Be always disappointed,
 And grant that Providence may still
 Preserve the Lord's Anointed;
 May PRIVY COUNCIL fix a day
 Of general thanksgiving!
 And tell it in America,
 That GEORGE the THIRD is living.

Lord SH—D's retreat from COVENTRY.

Tune---There's na good luck for me.

THREE years ago, or thereabout
 When warring was my trade,
 I felt my self a soldier stout
 As ever wore cockade;
 The bonny bells of TRINITY,
 For me did sweetly ring,
 As great as CÆSAR then was I,
 And happy as a king.

I swell'd with pride, the world defy'd,
 At Aldermen I spurn'd,
 But to my sorrow, think alas!
 How are the tables turn'd;
 My blood runs chill---go where I will,
 There is no rest for me;
 I wish I never had come near
 The Blues of Coventry.

The sixteenth day of April last,
 I never shall forget;
 No foreign foe---e'er struck a blow,
 To give my heart regret;
 But when Sir SAMPSON GIDEON came,
 A cruel tale to tell,
 His weight of metal bore me down,
 And rang my doleful knell.

Accurs'd for ever be the day
 That brought *Addresse* on,
 For nought besides from Coventry,
 Could make Lord Sh-----d run,
 To gain a Seat in Parliament,
 I'll make no further strife;
 To this dear place I thought till now
 I'd wedded been for life.

Q.

Much.

Much reason have I now to say,
 My pleasant days are gone;
 The bells I fear---I ne'er shall hear,
 Again ring WHITTINGTON;
 Adieu dear CHARLES---farewel friend JOE,
 We all have cause to frown;
 For since the CITY first I knew,
 The world's turn'd upside down.

I'll take my flight in dead of night,
 To me 'twere death to stay,
 For ere I quit the gates methinks,
 I hear the people say;
 "The HERO's *shuffled, shuffled off*,
 "And seem to speak with scorn,
 "He's fairly gone---gone, gone away!
 "And never to return."

The TROUBLES of FRANCE.

Tune---Push about the brisk Bowl.

BEHOLD Britain's Monarch---grown fond of the deep,
 To and fro on the waves take a dance;
 Secure, whilst his subjects are taking a peep,
 A peep at the troubles of France.

The Monsieus are rouz'd---who have long been abus'd,
 And liberty-hall is the cry;
 Their unshaken zeal---with their blood will they seal,
 Determin'd to conquer or die.

Each province around---is fir'd with the sound;
 Scarce her life can the QUEEN call her own;
 The TIERS ETAT---give the NOBLES a sweat,
 And the KING a mere cypher is grown.

To Lord Massarene, how delightful the scene,
 When the BASTILE strong doors open flew;
 For the deep dreary way---where the IRON MASK lay,
 No soul without horror could view.

How furrow'd with care---in this den of despair,
 Must the brow of the wearer have been;
 But chang'd is the day---for I'll venture to say,
 The like again ne'er will be seen.

Other states soon will aim---to play the same game,
 Which FRANCE in AMERICA learn'd;
 The TRIPLE CROWN shakes---and the Emperor quakes,
 To see how the tables are turn'd.

Boldly at it they set---and the National debt,
 Diminish'd will speedily be;
 Much the CHURCH has to fear, for the clergy they swear,
 The state of that burthen shall free.

The cause to uphold---how free and how bold,
 Assembled the artificers Wives;
 Their jewels they gave---and their country to save,
 Are ready to hazard their lives.

May PITT from abroad---learn of taxing the mode,
 And should future plans be devis'd;
 When he craves further aid---tell him boldly that Trade,
 Already too much is excis'd.

Peace and friendship's my wish, and may they their deserts
 Always meet, who intrude on the ground;
 And BRITAIN for ever in arms and in arts,
 Of all states the foremost be found.

The Rights of MANKIND all the World over.

Tune---Old Homer, but what, &c.

TO mortals who genuine liberty prize,
 And extension disdain on the laws of excise;
 How glorious to see can the heart wish for more,
 The RIGHTS OF MANKIND spreading all the world o'er,
 The blaze in AMERICA first that begun,
 O'er EUROPE is rapidly taking a run;
 And FRANCE wrongs to crush in one year has done more,
 Than a century ever accomplish'd before.

REVOLUTIONS in STATES set the world on a roar,
 The flame on the Continent spreads more and more;
 MADRID is alarm'd, and much startled is ROME!
 For the people when rous'd, will be sure to strike home.

I'll venture to say, tho' I tumults despise,
 Fresh troubles in Germany still will arise;
 For PRUSSIA 'tis clear has his Eagle wings shook,
 And angry and fierce at the DANE gives a look.

Mankind every day are enquiring for news,
 And if JOSEPH's successor the war still pursues,
 Let me ask whilst his vict'ries the Austrians chant,
 Tho' they've taken BELGRADE what's become of BRABANT?

To the heart not a conquest more pleasure bespeaks,
 Than that which the fetters of tyranny breaks;
 May life's noblest nerves in the cause still be strain'd,
 And the RIGHTS OF MANKIND be for ever maintain'd.

Commercial concerns in all kingdoms we know,
 Like the tide of the ocean will ebb and will flow,
 But STATE-CRAFT and PRIEST-CRAFT if people are wise,
 When brought to a level will never more rise.

Abolish'd be every despotic decree,
 May the TURK live in peace and the NEGRO be free;
 And BRITONS be all of one heart and one mind,
 In promoting the GENERAL GOOD OF MANKIND.

The

The CONTRAST.

THE King in the hearts of his subjects that reigns,
 All that reason can ask, if he's healthy obtains;
 And pleasing to many it surely must be,
 'Twixt FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN the contrast to see.

Whilst GEORGE is enjoying salubrious gales,
 Take of PARIS a view, or look into VERSAILLES;
 The Crown has been tott'ring on LOUIS's head,
 And much from the conflict the QUEEN has to dread.

British laws to adopt, such a fondness was shewn,
 That soon as the walls of the BASTILE were down;
 To a man they rejoic'd at so glorious a fall,
 And swore through the land they'd have LIBERTY HALL.

That ENGLAND was ripe, when a rumour was spread,
 To play the same game as with us once they play'd;
 DORSET boldly stepped forth---he had no time to waste,
 On his Country disdaining a slur should be cast.

'Twere wrong to suppose---tho' with fear they might quake,
 Such a paltry advantage that BRITAIN would take,
 JOHN BULL at ill treatment is given to frown,
 But striking he scorns! when the enemy's down.

When the storm is blown over, where much they've been tost,
 Whatever great Liberties Frenchmen may boast;
 On Englishmens' breasts, be this MOTTO display'd,
 "Of peace ever fond---but to fight ne'er afraid."

The WIMBLEDON CURL.

Tune—Time enough yet.

TO Wimbledon Bloods of high stile may away,
 There shoot at each other, and call it ball play;
 My distance I'll keep, not a hair on my head,
 I wish to have sing'd with a Bullet of lead.

To

To aim at Blood-royal when Lenox drew near,
 So close went the ball to tip of his ear;
 When whizzing they tell us it made his hair furl,
 And this has been christen'd the Wimbledon Curl.

Give me when for fighting my mind I declare,
 The man that his Pistol will fire in the air,
 For much I'm amaz'd any Prince, Duke, or Earl,
 A fondness should have for a Wimbledon Curl.

By those who from duelling can't be debarr'd,
 I'd rather for peace, I've so great a regard;
 A coward be counted, or reckon'd a churl,
 Then hazard my life for a Wimbledon Curl.

My pistol I'll cock taper made, white and clean,
 Full charg'd, and well lighted, where plenty is seen;
 Blue curls then in clouds round the room are diffus'd,
 And rise from the tube where no gun powder's us'd.

Then give me a Brosely when time's not controul'd,
 Which more than nine corns of cannister will hold;
 As a toast comes of course, for our pipes we must wet,
 "May he who loves fighting his belly full get."

Ye Bloods whom your country can very well spare,
 Take part with the Swedes and for action prepare;
 Learn patience but not from his HIGHNESS or SWIFT,
 And never want courage when put to the shift.

With spirit away at the word of command,
 And should close before you, your enemy stand,
 In the field whilst you've breath never *fulky* remain,
 But always when fir'd at---fire at him again.

BLOOD.

BLOOD-ROYAL.

Tune---Cæsar and Pompey, &c.

A Toast if I offer, pray do not be cruel,
 I never with pistols wish'd fighting a duel;
 With weapons of steel---over ducks, geese and turkies,
 Engage if I must, much the pleasantest work is;
 No soul for free speaking would wish to confine me,
 And thousands I know will in sentiment join me.

The blood which some boast of, from this or that quarter,
 A Knight of the Thistle, or Knight of the Garter,
 Was ne'er any better, or is at time present,
 Than what freely flows in the veins of a PEASANT;
 'Twixt that of a MONARCH, and that of a BEGGAR,
 When shed to distinguish a DOCTOR 'twould stagger.

When LENOX's courage was put to the trial,
 He level'd his pistol, and shot at Blood-royal;
 And sanguine the world would have thought his desire,
 A BISHOP and DUKE had he kill'd at one fire;
 I mean not to question his HIGHNESS's spirit,
 But why not a LENOX as good blood inherit.

'Tis not at all times that birds meet of a feather,
 The high and the low will by chance mix together;
 Nell GWYNN who cry'd oysters---and often apply'd to,
 The blood of a STUART was closely ally'd to;
 Nay ENGLAND's first KING who was famous in action,
 If hist'ry speaks truth was of spurious extraction.

Whatever their birth, or whate'er their employment,
 The lovers of friendship, and social enjoyment,
 Who order and decency pay due respect to,
 To what I here offer will never object to,
 "May the heart that is honest live always in clover,"
 "And freedom of sentiment spread the world over."

The

The CHANGES of FASHION.

Tune---To get a snug Penny, &c.

THE world---and what creature knows when it will stop,
Revolves on its axis, and spins like a top;
And whilst it keeps whirling, mankind are at strife,
To make the best way thro' the bustle of life.

To those in high stile it may seem nothing strange,
In dress to discover how fashions will change;
But fancy, sole arbitress over the mind,
Fresh walks ever makes it her study to find.

Here and there one excepted---'twill not be deny'd,
So chang'd is the mode, the COCK'D HAT's thrown aside;
And ROUND HEADS, and SOUND HEADS---in short ev'ry
where,

Both aged and young in round beavers appear.

For new fangled maxims we strain ev'ry nerve,
The TOUCH-STONE is int'rest---but this you'll observe,
It much cannot matter, where friendship is found,
What covers the HEAD, if the inside is found.

In various colours mankind themselves shew,
Some swagger in SCARLET, and some in TRUE-BLUE;
The ORANGE, which once had a fav'rite run,
Now scarcely is seen, for the PLAID is the TON.

Ye fine footed foplings, who novelty court,
Consider the artist, and genius support;
The HEAD, as you please, let the ribbon adorn,
But still on the FOOT let the BUCKLE be worn.

But he v in the ears of the Fair must it grate,
For OLD-FASHION'D FELLOWS of fashion to prate;
Some doubtless through taste into errors may fall,
And many there are who have no taste at all.

To DRESS and to AD-DRESS with freedom and ease,
At all times is what will good company please;

Give

Give FANCY her scope who can FASHION command,
And best support that which supports best the LAND.

Then off with a bumper---good cheer never spare,
" To all WORTHY SOULS, not forgetting the FAIR,
" Success to the ARTS---and again, and again,
" Good ORDERS to those who good ORDER maintain."

AMOR ET CONCORDIA, An occasional SONG,

Set to Music, and Sung by J. PROBIN, at the Annual
Meeting of the Military Association, at the Hotel, in
Manchester.

SINCE now no more to distant Lands,
BRITANNIA wafts her hostile bands,
Let party zeal be done away,
Forgot the FOLLIES of the DAY,
And every thought and wish sincere,
To hail with joy the rising Year.

Be Amor et Concordia.

The STATE we ever wish to aid,
But as our grand resource is Trade,
The TAX that root and branch destroys,
There's not a soul but must despise;
Then sound the word, REPEAL, REPEAL!
Until again the common weal,

Find Amor et Concordia.

Fond hope imparts a pleasing ray,
Let murmurs cease---the heart be gay;
When seated at the festive board,
Be this the toast in one accord---
May all that's kind on Commerce wait,
The Land be blest, and in the State,

Reign Amor et Concordia.

The

The martial strain tho' heard no more,
On Britain's too much injur'd shore,
With those whose hearts are bold and free,
ASSOCIATE still the plan shall be :
In sentiment may all concur,
And evermore at MANCHESTER,
Reign Amor et Concordia.

On a famous Lincolnshire Horse called RODNEY.

[WRITTEN BY DESIRE]

Tune of---Black Slocven.

AMONGST the brute beings the world doth produce,
Created no doubt for Man's general use;
Whatever we famous or noble may call,
A beautiful HORSE is the noblest of all.

Too oft 'tis the case when his best days are o'er,
Neglected the high-mettled steed becomes poor;
And gelding or stallion---this truth, the world knows,
The greater a slave is the older he grows.

Bold RODNEY to sing of the task shall be mine,
His quarters how handsome, his forehead how fine,
He's healthy, he's sound, not a blemish you'll see,
And strong in the sinews as horse need to be.

Many plates has he won, and on fair British ground,
For trotting his equal is scarce to be found;
Ye sons of the turf sprightly hunters who love,
Now, now is the season your breed to improve.

His colour so pleasing, so tight and so clean,
In Yorkshire a finer is not to be seen;
O'KELLY if living, with pleasing surprize!
On this matchless steed would have feasted his eyes.

With

With noble deportment and swiftness profound,
See how the bold Rockingham sweeps o'er the ground!
He was fondly careft, and 'tis odds that you find,
He'll leave at Newmarket, Dungannon behind.

Of fame MASK and CHILDERS have each had his share,
And none in his day with ECLIPSE could compare;
The PRINCE'S ESCAPE some a favourite call,
For his HIGHNESS has now got the WHIP of them all.

The faireft will fade, and the ftouteft muft fall,
'Tother day to the dogs fate confign'd MORWICK BALL;
His fcope was uncommon, extenfive his fway,
But farewell to him ev'ry nag has his day.

It muft be allow'd that the turf and the field,
The nobleft of pleasures to Englifhmen yield;
And take it for granted---as true British game,
The blood of a RODNEY will always have fame.

On the PETITIONS for the ABOLITION of the SLAVE TRADE.

*Tune---*Religion's a Politic Law.

IT muft be allow'd there are flaves,
On ev'ry valuable foil,
Who till they are laid in their graves,
Have but little refpite from toil;
But now ABOLITION's the found,
The found which to gladnefs gives birth,
And think how the dance will go round,
When SLAVERY's banifh'd the earth.

The Negro 'gainft Negro who fights,
If conquer'd is barter'd for gain;
And tell me---pray would not the Whites
Much rather be fold than be flain?

Of barbarous usage, whate'er
 May be the complaints in the WEST,
 From horrid transactions 'tis clear,
 There wants a reform in the EAST !

That " Britons shall never be slaves,"
 In Britain is frequently sung,
 And many times heard on the waves,
 When FIRST RATES are rolling along ;
 But what greater slaves can there be
 Than those hardy lads of the main,
 Who when just return'd from the sea,
 Are dragg'd into service again.

How happy is each Bailiff Brother,
 To glide in the popular stream ;
 Bodies corporate follow each other,
 Like horses when link'd in a team ;
 To work many hastily go,
 Their names upon parchment are shewn,
 And often about what they know,
 Just as much as the man in the moon.

Petitions, with plausible airs,
 Are frequently handed about ;
 And oft upon trivial affairs,
 JOHN BULL makes a terrible rout ;
 At random tho' thousands may run,
 To thought giving little digestion ;
 Humanity let us not shun,
 Nor Commerce leave out of the question.

In Europe this much may be said,
 So great a temptation has gold,
 For slaughter at so much per head,
 Have Germans by thousands been sold !
 Too oft their ambition to shew,
 Crown heads set their minions to work,
 And Joseph the Emperor's view,
 A slave was to make of the Turk.

But

But so it to numbers appears,
 If Commerce we aim to restrain,
 Britannia but very few years,
 The Empress will be of the main;
 To lessen let's make it our care,
 The burthens upon our own backs,
 For Britons too many there are,
 More mis'rable souls than the BLACKS.

The T E S T.

*Tune---*Ye Citizens so fond and free.

TH^{O'} fond variety to taste,
 With men of every station;
 The TEST has been for three months past,
 The general conversation;
 And tho' it may some future day,
 By thousands be contested,
 By millions strong there's no repeal,
 Will ever be digested.

C H O R U S.

And this is truth I will maintain,
 Throughout the *British* land, Sir;
 That long as GEORGE the THIRD shall reign,
 The Test Acts good shall stand, Sir.

The COMMONS had the Bill gone through
 Or with it had they trifled,
 The LORDS---its godfathers well knew,
 The BRAT would soon have stifled;
 Great Britain's bold HIGH CHANCELLOR,
 Front pillar of the Nation;
 Would certainly have damn'd it for,
 A dangerous innovation,

Chorus.

With pleasure many did resort,
To hear the point contended,
Was HASTING's trial cut as short,
But few would be offended;
REPEAL the favourite word has been,
And many fondly shout it;
But PATRIOTS when in office seen,
Wish not a word about it.

Chorus.

Let men of skill display their might,
To gain their ardent wishes,
And whilst they wrangle, rant, and fight,
To share the loaves and fishes;
By truth's bright standard may we see,
The wheels of state directed,
And freedom, life, and property,
For ever be protected.

Chorus.

In what concerns our many laws,
Tho' interest will divide us,
On ev'ry warm important cause,
May sterling reason guide us;
The CHURCH is safe---fears fly the land,
The mighty bustle's o'er, Sir!
Hopes vanish, and DISSENTERS stand,
Just as they stood before, Sir.

Chorus.

The SAILORS' ROUZE.

Tune---Come ye Lads who wish to shine.

HEARTS of Oak, with vigour rouze!
Danger never fearing;
Now your country's cause espouse,
And drub the foe that's daring.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

" Soon the haughty Dons shall smart ;

" Soon we'll share their treasure,

" Always to a Sailor's heart

" A Spanish war gives pleasure."

Boys, the happy moments watch,

Let 'em know their masters ;

From the Indies ship-loads fetch,

Of *dollars* and *piastres*.

Chorus.

If with us the Chiefs of Spain

Wish to be at variance ;

With the foremost of the train,

We'll match an English CLARENCE.

Chorus.

Neptune viewing *Royal Game*,

Panting after glory,

Cries---My son, away to fame;

And rival ancient story.

Chorus.

Britain smiling seems to say,

" What is e'er expended,

" *Cost* and *suit* the *Dons* shall pay,

" Before the cause is ended."

Chorus.

Unanimity's the toast

(Courting no alliance)

That preserv'd---the British coast

May bid the world defiance.

C H O R U S.

" O'er the Spanish main to ride,

" Not a soul will grumble ;

" Tell the haughty *Dons*, their pride

" And insolence we'll humble."

RATIONALITY.

Tune---Newton talk'd of Lights and Shades.

THE man that wears an honest heart,
Is pleasant free and chearful,
And frankly does his mind impart,
Of what shou'd he be fearful?
It matters not---a jot by what
Distinction people call men,
They best with me---are sure t'agree,
Who've charity for all men.

Since candour, love, and charity,
The christian doctrine teaches,
When friendly met to angry be,
Of common sense a breach is;
Much better far than snarl and fight,
At trifles to be winking;
And every man enjoy his right,
His natural right of thinking.

Strong prejudices will be found
From early education,
And some are apt to go beyond
The bounds of moderation;
Through life too much---the case is such,
One sect another sect hates,
For zealots will---be zealots still,
In spite of reason's dictates.

From modes of faith the man alone,
His neighbour who despises,
And malice tho' no cause is shewn,
Within his bosom rises;
I pity his mistaken ways,
But this I will insist on,
Let people call him what they please,
He cannot be a Christian.

From harsh disputes to converts make
 But very rare the case is,
 And punishment for conscience sake
 The human mind debases;
 We'll prate, debate, and speculate,
 But madness call that notion,
 With those who cannot think alike,
 To aim at persecution.

Amongst the various sectaries
 In every age abounding,
 Who scripture phrases different ways
 Are constantly expounding;
 Some good and kind---you'll always find---
 Their foibles many glossing,
 And some there are, who to themselves
 Would Heaven be engrossing.

The cares of life will now and then
 The best of tempers sour,
 And since perfection's height to gain
 Is not in human power,
 Dull time to kill---be where I will,
 Whilst drinking is in fashion,
 My toast shall be---"all honest men
 "Of every persuasion."

The COACH DRIVERS: Or, BILLY's not
 too YOUNG.

Tune--- The dusky Night.

THE good old coach BRITANNIA still,
 Jogs merrily along,
 And manag'd well will always fill,
 Tho' BILLY is but Young.

Right

Right heart of Oak's the axle-tree,
 And what much makes it fam'd,
 The BASKET and the BOOT we see
 With precious budgets cram'd.

In sixteen hundred eighty-eight,
 Ere gamblers dealt in stocks;
 The COACH broke down---the DRIVER dropt.
 Dead weight from off the Box.

A DUTCHMAN lent a lifting hand,
 The wheels again went round,
 And have not Dutchmen from this land,
 The like assistance found.

The second GEORGE his steeds to drive,
 Much us'd the PELHAM bitt;
 But passengers in general prize,
 No name like that of PITT.

Lord NORTH who too far westward ran,
 In mist and mire long beat,
 A WHEEL dropt off and he was then,
 Oblig'd to quit his seat.

Old CHATHAM's fame in high degree,
 On record long shall stand,
 A COACHMAN good and true was he,
 As e'er took whip in hand.

The arduous task his son besel,
 A YOUTH who like a SAGE,
 Holds tight the reins---and drives as well,
 As those of twice his age.

Three years ago when burthens cloy'd,
 Through Britain all the Song,
 (With judgment nice the reins to guide)
 "Was Billy's quite too young."

For when on trade he laid his strokes,
 The land with clamour rung!
 And wealthy CITs with angry looks,
 Cry'd BILLY's quite too young.

'Tis clear from last St. STEPHEN's wake,
In spite of all the din,
GEORGE will not with his COACHMAN part
Nor change his WHIPPER-IN.

For wear and tear tho' dear we pay,
The SPRINGS continue strong,
And now to drive us thousands say
That BILLY's not too young.

Drive on *Old Boy* thy skill is known,
Still whirl the WHEELS along,
Till OPPOSITION fairly own,
That BILLY's not too young.

On the Rumour of a French War in 1787.

Tune--- When first to Cambridge we do come.

A T once to realife estates,
A trading war there's nothing beats;
Contractors, who state game pursue,
And Nabobs find it strictly true.

Tho' hateful burthens wars create,
To arms when drums began to beat,
Old England would have felt a pride,
In having Cherburg's walls destroy'd.

False steps when Gallia's sons had ta'en,
The *British Lion* shook his mane;
To come to blows he wanted much,
But France the GAUNTLET would not touch.

Whilst harmony the land shall sway,
Our foes I will be bold to say,
Will always meet their due deserts,
For British boys have manly hearts.

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Our foes I will be bold to say,
Will always meet their due deserts,
For British boys have manly hearts.

Than

Than broils domestic should ensue,
I'd rather let which e'er may rue,
The Turks and Russians blood wou'd shed,
Until they've dy'd the BLACK SEA RED.

Our empire still upon the main,
We must, we can, and will maintain;
For much depends, when glory calls,
On England's matchless WOODEN WALLS.

When all at home united are,
From foreign states what can we fear?
And when with us they disagree,
We'll tell 'em how THINGS are to be.

The DUTCH are dup'd and well may frown,
And FRANCE was never more let down!
The world at these events may stare!
But true it is that SUCH THINGS ARE.

A MOCK CANTATA.

IN merry Old England there once was a time,
When freedom was cherish'd—Taxation a crime,
And lovers of mirth did in harmony chime,
And sung---O the roast beef of Old England,
O the Old English roast beef.

No methods were us'd, nuptial bands to enforce,
They took one another for better or worse,
And scarce in an age heard of any divorce,
But sung---O the roast beef, &c.

But times are so chang'd, that to serve private ends,
By engrossing of farms, and enclosing of lands,
Not a poor man in ten, once a month can make friends,
To taste the roast beef of Old England,
To taste the Old English roast beef.

Every

Every year upon commerce fresh burthens are laid,
Not a soul can escape, that possesses a head;
They tax us through life, and they tax us when dead.

Can it go well with Old England,
When trade is for ever oppress'd.

*Tune---*The Lowland Lads.

Things have strangely veer'd about,
Some to power soon are lifted;
One week in, the next week out,
And thus the scene of life is shifted.

C H O R U S.

Was ever kingdom so derided,
Were ever people more divided;
Plaguy taxes never ceasing,
Poor's rates ev'ry year increasing.

Mad ambition sways the state,
Discord is the rock we split on;
And our Island, once so GREAT,
Is dwindling into LITTLE BRITAIN.

Chorus---Was ever, &c.

The FREE and EASY ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

*Tune---*Go patter to Lubbers.

A Traveller full forty years I have been,
But never tript over to France,
All cities and most market towns have been in,
'Twixt Berwick-on-Tweed and Penzance;
My own native Country with pleasure I range,
All seasons and times of the year;
In fashion still find a continual change,
Something novel will always appear;
The world tho' 'tis round, as about it we go;
Strange ways, turns and crosses we see;
But the favourite road which I wish to pursue,
Is through life to go EASY and FREE.

The

The TRAVELLER braving a bleak wint'ry day,
 To what place he soe'er may resort,
 When reaching his INN is as chearful and gay,
 As the SAILOR that gets into PORT;
 Well seated and serv'd, his refreshment how sweet,
 What comfort it gives to the heart,
 And when a few friends unexpectedly meet,
 How fond each his tale to impart;
 For know this idea which none can detest,
 Has long been implanted in me,
 That whatever maxims are follow'd, the best,
 Is through Life to go EASY and FREE.

If fraught with good humour, I care not how much,
 In sentiment people divide;
 In opinion for differing my temper is such,
 I scorn any soul to deride;
 Tho' the dictates of reason flow pointed and strong,
 Such prejudice hangs on the mind;
 From debates howe'er pertinent, nervous, or long,
 You seldom a convert will find:
 Then give me the man wher'soever I call,
 That always will sociable be;
 If we can't think alike---still the beauty of all,
 Is through Life to go EASY and FREE.

As sons of the WHIP must to business attend,
 I always make much of the day;
 At night with my bottle, my pipe, and my friend,
 The moments glide smoothly away;
 All TRAVELLERS truly it must be confess'd,
 Good orders are glad to receive;
 Disappointments in trade never rob me of rest,
 For madness I deem it to grieve;
 Then my WORTHIES the toast which to give I'm inclin'd,
 I trust with all minds will agree;
 "Wishing every free hearted friend to mankind,
 "Thorough Life may go EASY and FREE."

ON LORD SHERARD's coming of AGE, the
10th of October, 1788.

YE friends and ye nighbours, come share of the bounty,
Good order regarding, of every degree;
From every village and town in the county,
They hither who come, free and welcome shall be.

CHORUS.

Then chearful and hearty---in one jovial party,
We'll sit foot to foot, and we'll drink down the day :
Come see, noble festivity,
Plenty before us, and nothing to pay.

Without any riot, confusion or bluster,
A peep at his Majesty, pleasing may be;
But neither at Cheltenham, Glo'ster or Wor'ster,
Can mortals enjoy themselves better than we.
Chorus.—Then chearful, &c.

At all times, an Englishman, cannot be sober;
By some the pure stream may be highly esteem'd;
But here amongst friends on the Tenth of OCTOBER,
Alone to drink water a sin would be deem'd.
Chorus---Then chearful, &c.

Time always is precious, then not to misuse it,
But nobly to crown the convivial call;
The day claims the toast, and what heart can refuse it?
“ Long life to the worthies of STAPLEFORD Hall.”

CHORUS.

Then chearful and hearty, and free from state party,
We'll sit foot to foot, and we'll drink down the day :
Come see, noble festivity,
Plenty before us, and nothing to pay,

Old St. MICHAEL's DAY, 1788.

Tune—Jolly Mortals.

SEE what plenty stands before us,
Noble cheer inspires the lay;
Joining all in hearty chorus,
Honour old St. MICHAEL's day.

Ply the can, boys, 'twere a folly,
Here to meet and not be gay;
Britons like, we'll, free and jolly,
Drink down old St. MICHAEL's day.

Years to come in pleasant story,
Many at the annual treat,
Time recounting, will, with glory,
Bring to mem'ry EIGHTY-EIGHT.

Nature's impulse, none resisting,
Nymphs and shepherds, fondly say,
"Let's to STAPLEFORD be halting,
" 'Tis a general holiday."

Oft to usher in November,
Many meet, and mirth display;
All will, from this time, remember,
Keeping old St. MICHAEL's day.

Glasses charge, we must be doing,
Let not on this happy spot,
Whilst the spacious bowls are flowing,
Lady Lucy be forgot.

On the EARL of HARBOROUGH's
BIRTH DAY, November 1, 1786.

*Tune---*The dusky Night.

I Will maintain it to be true,
That wrong he is, who says,
In England that November through
There's nought but gloomy days :
For no gloomy care comes here,

November has, at STAPLEFORD
(Which no one can deny)
For more than sixteen circling years,
Been usher'd in with joy.

And they whose hearts are sound and free,
Well know in LEICESTERSHIRE ;
Good humour, mirth, and social glee,
Abound throughout the year.

November, tho' we can't forget,
Fresh gladness to display ;
Each year, with joy, we turn our eyes,
On old St. MICHAEL's day *.

A bumper toast I will propose,
And pledge it every where ;
" Long life, sound health, and spirits good.
" To our most worthy PEER."

For the EARL of HARBOROUGH's
BIRTH DAY.

*Tune---*Ye Warwickshire Lads.

YE strangers to care and vexation,
Who meet on this happy occasion ;
To gladden the heart ev'ry creature prepare,
Our noble host would not have any one spare.

* Lord Sherard's Birth-day.

Any one spare,
Noble fare,
Our friendly host would not have any one spare.

Let Stratford her jubilee boast of
(Which Garrick, no doubt, made the most of)
At STAPLEFORD, we have our jubilee day,
And meet ev'ry year, to be chearful and gay,
Chearful and gay,
Mirth display,
And meet ev'ry year, to be chearful and gay.

Navigation demands our attention,
The subject, with fondness, I mention;
May reason conviction to prejudice speak,
The SOAR to lay open, and widen the WREKE,
Widen the Wreke,
Boats to take,
The SOAR to lay open, and widen the WREKE.

'Tis said to the land's degradation,
Hospitality's quite out of fashion;
But he that would such an assertion maintain,
'Tis evident ne'er has at STAPLEFORD been.
STAPLEFORD been,
Pleasing scene,

To those who go thither with appetites keen.

We toast, drink and sing, at our leisure,
The name of a SHERARD gives pleasure;
A thousand years hence, on this plentiful ground,
May genuine friendship and freedom abound.

Freedom abound,
Joy refund,
And genuine friendship and freedom abound.

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F I N I S.